THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. A correct Likeness of HIS MAJESTY, GEORGE III. engraved by Mr. Heath, from an original Picture by Sir W. Beechy.
2. LONDON fashionable MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. Three select PATTERN BORDERS for Ladies' Dresses.

LOND[illegible]:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. [illegible] P[illegible]ernoster Row:

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NOTICES.

On the subject of "*Payment*," in answer to A. B.'s inquiry, we have to observe, that, although the contributions to Magazines are usually gratuitous, we shall feel no objection to allow him a moderate remuneration for his productions, provided that we approve them.

Freckles, and *Postage*.—To the quizzing correspondent who has *favored* us with a Laconic billet on the subject of *Freckles*, charged with pretty high *postage*, we give notice that the said billet is now safe lodged in the dead-letter office: for, although we never regret the postage of any article which is worthy of insertion, and do not even desire it to be paid by any correspondent whose antecedent productions have met our approbation—the case is different with *new* correspondents, who may think proper to send us frivolous or hoaxing letters, *unpaid*. All such we regularly return to the postman at his next visit, and have the postage allowed to us.

"*The Suicide's Grave*."—We have received five packets of this novel, but *cannot proceed*, until favored with an answer to the letter which we some time since wrote to the author, relative to a different subject, but equally applicable to this.

The "*Letter to a Lady against changing her Religion*" we cannot insert. We see no reason why she should not be suffered to adopt, unmolested and uncensured, whatever religion she thinks best; and we wish to see her, and all our fellow subjects, left at perfect liberty to follow the dictates of their own judgement in religious matters, and to worship their Maker in the manner most agreeable to their own conscience.—Had the writer of the letter in question perused the Numbers of our Magazine for last February and March, he would not have troubled us with religious controversy.

If the author of an imitation of the "*Crafty Valet*" which we have *not* inserted, will alter the thirteenth line of the *piece accompanying it*, so as to exclude the objectionable word at the end, we will insert this latter.

L* B*** P*******.—The two packets are come safe to hand: and, if we find the contents to answer our idea, we shall not fail to communicate them to our fair readers.

An *early* continuance of "S[illegible]ho" is requested.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
For AUGUST, 1811.

The Highland Hermitage, *or the History of the* Laird *of* Calderwood, *and his Family; in a Series of Letters.*

Lady Jane Falkland, to the Honorable Miss Fortescue.

Lenox Abbey.

I have frequently laughed, my dear Miss Fortescue, at the air of seriousness with which you asked me, at the time of our separation, one day to favor you with an account of the particular events that have happened to myself and Miss Conyers, since the commencement of our friendship. I have laughed likewise, my dear Louisa, at the importance I assumed when I promised to gratify your curiosity. But what possible events worth relating can have happened to girls born and educated like my friend and me? Reared in the bosom of prosperity, our youth has glided on in a pure unmixed course of felicity, which admits not a description. Adversity generally affords more matter worth relating than prosperity. But, not to disappoint you entirely, I will endeavour to throw as much importance as I can on the history of my fair friend, whose nuptials I am now celebrating.

Sophia Conyers is the only child of Mr. Conyers of Ongley House, in *****shire, and heiress to his large estate. Sophia, having lost her mother when an infant, was placed at an early age at the same school with your friend, where commenced an intimacy, which, I trust, will end only with our lives. Miss Conyers and myself were continued at school longer than the generality of young women of fashion usually are, and from the same motive:—we had, neither of us, a mother, or near female friend, to superintend our conduct, and see us properly introduced into life. My father, the Earl of Ossenvor, was a very gay man, of free principles, and considered the female part of his family to be as great an incumbrance as a mortgage on his estate.

An old and intimate friend of my mother, who knew my father's disposition, and was sensible of the impropriety of his conduct, advised him to place me in a convent abroad for a year or two, in order to complete my education. His lordship listened to this advice with pleasure, and left it to her care to see me properly placed.

I was then just turned of seventeen—a period of life, in which [illegible] of my rank and expectations usually participate in the pleasures and amusements of the gay world: yet I felt no reluctance at the thought of being immersed in a convent, and should have quitted England without a sigh, could I have taken with me my dear Miss Conyers.

I seldom saw my father; and, when I did, I was not treated with kindness by him; and my only brother was abroad on his travels; so that I had no attachments to excite any regret on quitting my home. The thought of our separation was as painful to Sophia as to me:—she therefore entreated her father to let her accompany me abroad.

Mr. Conyers, who doted on his daughter, and made it his study to gratify her every wish, agreed to this request, though not without reluctance. He dreaded her being at so great a distance from him: he had a thousand fears relative to her health and safety, and trembled lest the breath of heaven should visit her face too roughly: but my friend's importunities overcame all his scruples; and I had the happiness of being accompanied by my beloved companion.

The house in which we were placed, was a very celebrated one, and was, more properly speaking, a seminary for young women of fashion, than a nunnery. The time that I spent there will ever be remembered by me with pleasure:—no sorrows, no disappointments, ever visited us in this calm retreat. I sometimes heard from my father, oftener from my brother Lord Stanley; and his letters were longer and more affectionate.

Thus nearly two years had glided on in undisturbed repose, when my brother informed me that he should soon be at Paris, where he should stay some time, previous to his return to England. My heart beat with transport at this intelligence: I longed to embrace so near and dear a relative; and, when Lord Stanley's name was announced, I flew into his arms, and almost fainted with joy, while he pressed me fondly to his bosom, calling me his dear Jane, his beloved, his only sister; and with what infinite satisfaction did I introduce this beloved brother to my Sophia, whose fine eyes sparkled with pleasure, at seeing me so happy!

Lord Stanley, on his next visit, brought with him two gentlemen, whom he introduced to us as his most particular friends.—It is almost unnecessary to tell my Louisa that those friends were Lord Beaumont and Mr. Lenox.

The introduction of these gentlemen produced a new train of ideas in the minds of Sophia and me.—The frequency of their visits, their attentions, their assiduities, could not fail to please such young girls as we were, and to excite in our bosoms a desire of appearing agreeable in their eyes.—It was soon evident that the lovely person and attractive manners of my friend had captivated the heart of Mr. Lenox; and I was happy enough to gain the affections of your brother.

The manner of passing our time was so agreeable to all parties, that the gentlemen seemed in no hurry to quit Paris. They staid indeed till my brother received peremptory orders from his father to return to England.

Lord Beaumont had asked my permission to make proposals to my father; and he had made himself too great an interest in my heart to be refused this request. When my brother took his leave of me, he spoke to me in the following words—"Lord Beaumont loves you, my dear Jane; and you seem disposed to return his passion. It is a connexion every way desirable; yet be not too sanguine, my sister! you know your father: he expects implicit obedience from his children: therefore, my dear girl, let me beg of you, not too warmly to encourage this inclination, till it receive the sanction of his Lordship's approbation."

The parting words of Lord Stanley affected my spirits exceedingly, so that I waited with anxious expectation for the letters that should acquaint me with Lord Ossenvor's determination. Not so the gay Sophia.—As much attached to Mr.

Lenox, as I could possibly be to your brother, yet the playfulness of her disposition long prevented her from giving her admirer a serious answer. She told him that she could not possibly make any promises; for, from the very recluse manner in which she had spent her days, how could she tell whom she could or could not like? But, as she hoped soon to mix a little more with the gay world, she might perhaps see a hundred fine fellows, whom she might like as well, if not better, than she did him: therefore she would not, by too hastily engaging herself to him, deprive herself of the pleasure she expected, on her return to England, of making innumerable conquests."

Lenox, who loved her for her vivacity, gave way to it, and endeavoured to find out whether he had made any impression on her heart. He was hurt to see that even the moment of separation could not make her serious.—Sophia saw his chagrin, and, to alleviate it, held out her hand to him. "There, Lenox! Go to my father: make known your hopes and fears to him; and, as I am a very dutiful child, tell him I will accept a husband of his choosing."

Lenox pressed her hand to his lips. "My dear Miss Conyers," said he, "if I should be so happy as to be approved by Mr. Conyers, must it be only from a sense of duty, that you will give me this dear hand?"

"The man is unreasonable! Go, Lenox! leave me something to say at our next meeting. Our happiness often consists in expectations: it loses its charm, when known." She hung her head, and blushed, and looked so inexpressibly lovely, that her charmed lover with difficulty tore himself away from her.

Our calm retreat, in which we had once been so happy, had now lost all its charms; and the conversation of several of the young ladies, which had formerly been very agreeable to us, was now grown insipid. At last the much-wished-for packet from our friends arrived.—I opened the letter from my father with a trembling hand; but the perusal of it removed all my fears. In it his lordship commanded me to receive Lord Beaumont as the man whom he had chosen to be my husband.—I also received an epistle from your brother, my Louisa, which was such, I suppose, as lovers usually write. Lord Stanley congratulated me on this occasion, and informed me that he was likewise happy enough to unite duty with inclination, and flattered himself that a double marriage would take place in our families; for that Lord Ossenvor had authorised him to make a tender of his hand to you, my dear Miss Fortescue, who had long been in possession of his heart.

While I was indulging the heartfelt satisfaction which these epistles afforded me, Sophia came in with two letters in her hand, and, with a face half grave, half gay, "There, my dear Jane," said she, "read those hopeful letters! My wise father, forsooth, seems wonderfully glad to dispose of me; and the man too seems to triumph upon the occasion. I was in hopes there would have been some little difficulty in the affair; and I am monstrously afraid I shall repent of having given Lenox so much encouragement; for you know," continued she, "it would now be a sad thing if I should happen to fancy any other man in preference to this saucy fellow."

I could not help laughing at the drollery of her manner. Many might have thought it too full [illegible]ity; but I, who knew her, knew her to possess the best head and the best

heart in the world, and that her heart was fondly attached to the happy Lenox.

We made immediate preparations for quitting France.—Lord Beaumont, Mr. Lenox, and my brother, met us at Calais, to conduct us safe over the water.—You, my friend, will form as good an idea as I can give you, of the interview between us lovers. Miss Conyers and her lover took the route to Ongley House; and I hastened to pay my respects to my father in Grosvenor Square.

I had the happiness of experiencing a most affectionate reception from Lord Ossenvor. The projected alliance had softened his lordship's heart, and disposed him to receive with paternal kindness a daughter whose heart was melted by his unexpected tenderness.—Lord Stanley, impatient to introduce me to the chosen mistress of his heart—my lover, equally impatient for me to become acquainted with a sister in whom he so justly prided himself—conducted me to you the next morning.

What has since passed, my dear Louisa, you are as well acquainted with as myself: but, for the sake of connexion, I will continue my tale to the present time.

The first real anguish of mind that I ever experienced, was occasioned by the premature death of my father, at a time, too, when I was so happy in his society—when I had just begun to taste the sweets of paternal love! This loss was felt by me so sensibly, as to bring on a nervous fever. In this exigence, my friend Miss Conyers forgot her father, her lover; she flew to render me all the assistance which the most animated friendship could give. It was then, that you first saw Sophia: you saw her fine form bend over me: you saw with admiration, with what extreme solicitude she endeavoured to sooth my hours of pain and languor.—I recovered; and joy sparkled in the eyes of my tender friend:—Time, and the attentions of friends so dear to me, converted my excessive grief for the death of Lord Ossenvor into a tender melancholy, to remove which, I accompanied my friend to Ongley House; soon after which, Sophia gave her hand to Mr. Lenox. I attended them with some more friends to this delightful seat, where all is festivity and happiness.

Lord Beaumont is unreasonable, my Louisa: he presses me to fix an earlier day for the completion of our nuptials.—My brother is more importunate, as you have vowed not to give him your hand, till I receive that of your brother. These men are so impetuous, so little used to controul!—Surely there is something due to the memory of a parent!—You thought my reasons just, when I declared that I would not enter into the matrimonial state, till the time of my mourning was expired, nor do I see any reason for altering this resolution:—it did not originate from caprice, or a desire of showing my power. Lord Beaumont can be as much with me as he pleases: he is sensible of my attachment to him, and knows that I look forward with pleasure to our approaching union.

Thus far, my dear Miss Fortescue, I have endeavoured to fulfill the promise I made you—and, I hope, to your satisfaction. You will perceive from the nature of things, that it is not possible to make this narrative more interesting: the incidents which I have related, are such as every day happen, and are likely to end in the usual result—matrimony.

Your brother, who is going to town, takes charge of this voluminous packet.—Adieu, my Louisa! and believe me to be most affectionately yours,

JANE FALKLAND.

(To be continued.)

For the Lady's Magazine.

The two ROSE-TREES; *a moral Tale.*

From the French, by C. J. K.

ON one of those fine spring mornings which pour into Paris the fragrant produce of the flower-gardens all around, Monsieur Dorimont, accompanied by his two daughters, Adelaïde and Celina, happened to pass through the market where Flora seemed to have collected all the various treasures of her smiling domain; and where stood exhibited to view every rare plant and shrub, every curious exotic, that art or nature was capable of producing.

Captivated with the sight, the young ladies naturally expressed a wish to participate in the productions of the season, and requested their father to purchase for each of them a rose-tree.—"With all my heart," replied Mons. Dorimont: "and I give you leave to choose for yourselves such as are most agreeable to your fancy."

Thus at liberty to gratify her inclination, Adelaïde, whose taste was for curious and uncommon objects, chose one of those fine oriental rose-trees*, so highly prized and admired by the fashionable fair, and whose chief recommendation was its rarity. This shrub, when in bloom, was intended by her to occupy a beautiful china vase which ornamented the mantel-piece in her apartment.

Celina, more easily pleased, regardless alike of fashion and luxury, and preferring to them what she knew from experience to be capable of affording a sure and durable pleasure, chose a large native rose-tree, which, amid a profusion of verdant foliage, displayed a prodigious number of buds, and which she intended to plant in a simple wooden box that stood at the outside of her chamber window.

The rose-trees being placed in the different stations respectively allotted to them, that of Adelaïde, having its sap forced into early circulation by the warm temperature of the hot-house which had fostered it during the winter, soon put forth all its beauty, and produced a quantity of fine exotic roses. Adelaïde viewed them with delight, was incessant in her praises of them, and took a pride in exhibiting them to all her father's visitors.

Meantime, Celina's humbler shrub, which had slowly followed the order prescribed by the common law of nature, and whose juices had not been forced into premature circulation by the contrivances of art, as yet only displayed its nascent buds; and its faintly-expanded foliage yielded no other pleasure than that of anticipative hope. Confined to its wooden box at Celina's window, it did not strike the eye, and afforded as yet no present enjoyment. All the praises and all the admiration of the visitors were confined to her sister's elegant exotic, which, proudly displayed in its elegant china vase, constituted the chief ornament of the apartment where it stood.

But Nature does not leave unpunished any attempt to outstrip her regular progress, or to accelerate the result of her operations. She seems to refuse to plants and shrubs the usual portion of vigor necessary to retain for any length of time the beauties which they have derived from art. She even appears to view them with a jealous eye: so rapid is the decay of hot-house flowers, however carefully nurtured.

Accordingly, Adelaïde enjoyed

* In the French, the *Bengal* rose-tree—perhaps the same which our English florists call the *Chinese* rose-tree.—The other, chosen by Celina, is called, in the original, the rose-tree *of the four seasons*: but I cannot learn that it is known in this country.

but a short and transient pleasure from her fine exotic. Its second produce of roses were quite different from the first. Scarcely were its buds successively disclosed, when each opening flower lost its beauty, and shed its withering leaves around; while many other of the buds had hardly strength to open, and fell lifeless on their stems without blooming at all. Soon, therefore, that fine exotic was despoiled of its rich array: even its foliage lost its verdant freshness; and, before the close of the spring, the oriental rose-tree stood exposed in all the nudity of winter, presenting to the eye of its disappointed mistress only a barren shrub covered with withered leaves. In short, it now appeared unworthy to occupy the elegant china vase, to whose beauty it so lately gave additional charms,

But Celina's native rose-tree, less forward at first, and less showy, had gradually arrayed itself with foliage of more durable texture. The pure air, which it imbibed at the window where it had modestly taken its station, invigorated its stem, and gave to its branches greater strength and extension. At length its numerous buds gradually opened; and it was covered with a prodigious number of roses, whose fragrance far surpassed that which had, for a short season, been exhaled from the transient bloom of its rival. But what gave it a still greater advantage over the exotic, was, that no sooner had these roses expanded their bosoms, than numberless new buds were seen bursting forth, which, following each other in regular succession, and blooming each in its turn, never ceased, during the whole of the vernal season, to exhibit the most pleasing assemblage of floral beauties.

Every morning, Celina made her appearance at the breakfast-table with a rose in her hand, which she presented to her father; nor was she in the smallest degree apprehensive of stripping her fertile tree of its ornaments, as a single night was sufficient to array it with new-born bloom.

At this period, Adelaïde, who, for some time, had not had a single rose to offer to her parent, began to perceive that her own choice had not been so judicious or so fortunate as that of her sister: and, as the impression, left on the mind by past pleasures which we no longer enjoy, is weakened by the sight of present pleasures which we see enjoyed by others, Adelaïde acknowledged that the flowers of the native rose-tree exhaled a much more fragrant perfume than those of the exotic; and that, although the roses of the latter were more rare and therefore in greater request, those of the former were much more numerous, more durable, and productive of a greater portion of pleasure.

To confirm her in this opinion, behold! at the close of autumn, and even at the commencement of the winter, Celina's inexhaustible tree, braving the first attacks of the frost and snow, produced a fourth crop of full-blown roses, still more fragrant than their predecessors, and presenting, amid the desolation of winter, a spectacle still more brilliant than that which the spring had witnessed.

Celina, triumphant and intoxicated with joy, had now, in her turn, the pleasure of ornamenting her apartment with her beloved rose-tree, and gratifying her sister with occasional presents of its flowers.—Adelaïde, mortified and chagrined at her own less fortunate lot, was going to tear up her dear-bought exotic by the roots, and throw it into the fire, to make room for her

sister's prolific tree in the china vase, which the other so undeservedly occupied; but Celina prevented her, and refused her consent to the removal—apprehensive lest her charming shrub, if disturbed from the humble wooden box in which it had been so productive, and transplanted to the china vase, should there contract the habits of its rival, and become, like it, withered and barren.

Adelaïde yielded to her sister's reasons, but entirely abandoned her favorite exotic, and formed, for the remainder of her life, the wise resolution of being more considerate in the choice of her objects of purchase or predilection, and paying less regard to mere fashion and transitory gratification, than to real utility and durable enjoyment.

Anecdotes of Religion *in Spain.*

(From Jacob's "Travels in the South of Spain.")

Religion in every country is calculated to produce an effect on manners as well as on morals; in England, among those who read but little or not at all, the effect is accomplished by public preaching; but in Spain, where preaching is by no means common, the knowledge of religion is kept alive by sensible representations of the events of the gospel history. These are exhibited in the churches, or the calvarios, on the days set apart for celebrating the leading facts of the Christian religion, or on days consecrated to the memory of particular saints. From these the people collect with tolerable accuracy the true accounts of the life and miracles of our Saviour and his apostles; but they receive with equal credit legends of saints, which, from the manner in which they are taught, they cannot distinguish from authentic facts: but virtue, which ought to form the ultimate object of all true religion, which elevates man to the highest rank of which he is susceptible, and assimilates him to a superior order of beings, is left to the confessor to be impressed on the mind of the penitent.

Auricular confession is but a poor substitute for public preaching; or, rather, public teaching, which the reformation introduced, is an excellent substitute for auricular confession. The dignity of the pulpit makes reproof more severe, denunciations more alarming, advice more powerful, and consolation more soothing; while the intimacy, and sometimes the familiarity of auricular confession, makes the penitent feel but too forcibly that the spiritual guide has all the passions and weakness of those who rely on him.

I should, however, be sorry to see this practice abolished till some better were introduced in its stead: for, though it be obvious that the profligacy of the higher classes is not corrected by their religion, and whatever dominion they may allow their priests over their faith and their rituals, they allow them very little over their morals, yet, with the middle and lower ranks of society, who form the most virtuous and moral class of the people, they have a beneficial influence. With the higher order, the great struggle of the confessor is to keep the mind free from doubts, to enforce submission to the dogmas and ceremonies of the church, and prevent the inroad of heresy. With the other classes there is no such task; they never read books written by foreigners, nor ever converse with them; they have no doubts on points of faith, no scruples in matters of ceremony; and the task of the confessor is more directly addressed to the formation of the moral habits of sobriety, honesty, and ve-

racity. On these points they have evidently been successful; for I have never been in any country, where the mass of the people has approached the conduct of the Spaniards in these respects; in chastity, as far as I can judge, they have not been so successful; whether the evil arise from the celibacy of the clergy, the voluptuous climate, or the remains of Moorish manners, I cannot determine; but there is, in this respect, a degree of profligacy extending to all ranks in this country, which, I trust, will ever remain unexampled in our own.

In the midst of the gaieties which commence about five o'clock in the evening, when the Paseo, or public walk, is crowed with company dressed in their most splendid attire, and indulging in the liveliest conversation, the sound of a bell announces the approaching hour of sunset. At this signal, which is called *oracion*, every one, as if by magic, seems fixed in his place; every head is uncovered, and the whole company repeats, or is supposed to repeat, a mental prayer: after a few minutes devoted to these formalities, the lively scene is resumed, and the conversation continued from the point at which it met this pious interruption. This ceremony takes place in every part of Spain; and where theatres, or other public amusements are open, the sound of this bell suspends the entertainment till the prayer is over; so great is its effect that it is even said that assassins, at the moment of executing their horrid design, have held their hand at the sound of the *oracion*; and, after repeating the habitual prayer, have perpetrated their diabolical purpose.

I have reason to suspect that this practice, as well as some others, arises more from conformity to the usages of their country, than from any strong religious feelings; for I have observed in private houses, that the attention paid to this bell diminishes in proportion to the rank of the family: among the lower classes of people, it is usual to kneel or stand up; among those of greater consequence, they merely sit still and remain silent; while those of the highest rank suffer the bell to toll unheard and unregarded.

No one of the various religious observances with which this city* abounds, appears more ludicrous to me, or more solemn to the inhabitants, than the procession of the host to the houses of the sick, at the hour of approaching dissolution. A priest, seated in a sedan chair, with the holy elements in a gold case on his lap, escorted by a guard of soldiers, and preceded by a bellman, is literally denominated by the people 'His majesty coming down the street.' To increase the singularity of the spectacle, the bellman strikes three strokes, in allusion to the three persons of the Trinity, and then ceases. At this well-known sound, whatever be the state of the weather, or the condition of the streets, every one drops on his knees, and continues in this devout posture till the object of adoration is out of sight. If this procession should pass through a street, containing a theatre or a ball-room, the actors on the stage, and the dancers at the assembly, alike drop on their knees, till the sound is lost, when they resume their thoughtless dissipation.

However decorous the Spaniards may be in the performance of their public devotions, nothing can be more indecent and slovenly than the manner in which their domestic worship is conducted; a circumstance which I have frequently no-

* Seville.

ticed in the family with whom I lodge. Towards the c nclusion of supper, when seated round the table, the master of the house commences with repeating ten Ave Marias; the wife repeats the Pater noster and her ten Ave Marias, others at table repeat in the same manner, while one of them with a rosary of beads, keeps the account, till they have repeated the Ave Maria fifty times, and the lord's prayer five times; the number being accurately corrected by the string of beads. They then say a litany, adding to the name of every saint of a long list, '*Ora pro nobis*;' then a prayer for the dead, another for protection during the night, and conclude the whole with a *Gloria Patri*. The words are uttered with as much rapidity as possible; and if any employment calls away the person who is repeating, he performs the work without interrupting the prayer, or losing any time; in fact, the Spaniards appear to act slowly and deliberately in every thing they undertake, except it be in this single instance of family worship.

With all this attachment to forms and ceremonies, it might naturally be expected, that the clergy would be looked upon as objects of veneration; but, so far as I can judge, this is by no means the case. The language held towards the ministers of religion is not always respectful, and is sometimes scurrilous. A few days ago, the auxiliary bishop of this city made a tour round his diocese, for the purpose of confirmation; from every person confirmed, a small sum of money was required, which was either an increase of the customary fee, or a novel demand. On his return to the city with the money he had thus collected, he was attacked by a banditti, who robbed him, not only of his extorted wealth, but also of all the clothes and vestments which he carried in his coach. The knowledge of the story excited the jokes and the merriment of the people, mixed with wishes that the clergy were the only victims of robbers. The character and conduct of the friars is generally the object either of virulent reprobation, or ludicrous jocularity. They have lost the esteem of every one, and instead of being respected for their seclusion from the world, they are reproached by all classes for their indolence, their voluptuousness, and their profligacy; their dispersion is generally looked forward to with pleasing anticipation, as an event that must take place, if ever the people of Spain are assembled by their representatives the Cortes.

It would have appeared singular, had I not been prepared for the fact, that, among the warmest advocates for the destruction of ancient institutions, I have seldom heard the Inquisition spoken of as an evil of great magnitude. I have introduced the subject frequently, and have uniformly found it treated as an institution, which, though originally bad, is now too insignificant to merit attention; and yet two instances have occurred within my own knowledge, since I have been here, which show its meddling disposition. An Englishman had imported some printed handkerchiefs, with patriotic emblems, and the names of the patriot generals. But the printer in England had unfortunately mixed with these patriotic emblems some of the symbols of religion, such as the crosier, the cross, and the mitre. The Inquisition became acquainted with the fact, and, fearing that using handkerchiefs on which such sacred objects were imprinted, would tend to bring religion into contempt, seized the whole parcel; and they

were burned by the holy office. Another merchant had a number of bales of Spanish wool, which were about to be shipped for England; by accident, these bales were marked with a cross; information of it was conveyed to the inquisitors, and a consultation was held, to determine in what mode proceedings should be instituted against a person who could apply that sacred symbol to so common a purpose. As the person in question was an undoubted Catholic, a friend gave him information of what was going forward; and, being aware of the consequences, he immediately rectified his error by protracting the upright line of the cross, and adding to the bottom of it two flukes, so that, when the officers of the Inquisition came to seise the bales, they were found to be marked with an anchor, and not with a cross, s the information had stated.

For the Lady's Magizine.

The new-mounted KNIGHT; *an Anecdote.*

From the French, by T. W.

IN the year 1165, John de C***, a nobleman at the court of Louis VII, of France, having indulged the glass too freely, made his appearance before the king in a state of ebriety, and uttered some harsh reflexions on his mode of government. Incensed at this liberty, the monarch immediately ordered the offender from his presence, with a strict injunction, that, "*neither on foot nor on horseback,*" he should ever again dare to appear before him.

The imprudent courtier was forced to obey the stern mandate, and retired to his country-seat in a distant province. Here solitude whetted and increased his ambition; and the state of insignificancy, to which his disgrace had condemned him, appeared to him in all its horrors. But how could he evade the sentence which expressly said "*neither on foot nor on horseback?*" "*Neither on foot*" shut him out from court; "*nor on horseback*" excluded him from the military service: and, in those times, the military service was the chief delight of the French nobility, who hardly thought they enjoyed existence, except in the tented field. His genius, not very fertile in resources, did not, for some time, suggest to him any mode of relieving himself from his present calamity: but at length, after much study, he bethought himself of a stratagem, whose whimsical singularity strongly savours of the age in which he lived.

For the purpose of evading at least the latter part of the prohibition, he resolved to tame a bull, and train him to serve as a horse. With this view, he chose one of those animals—the largest and strongest that he could find—and labored, for two years, in breaking him, accustoming him to the bridle, training him to his steps, and, in short, giving him all the agility, all the rapid and pleasing motions of the best trained horse. At length he succeeded, though not without having a hundred times exposed his life to imminent danger, in struggling against the native stubbornness of an animal before deemed untamable.

His success exhibited, no doubt, a notable proof of patience, skill, and temerity: and, when it was now certain, he provided for his new-fashioned courser a most magnificent suit of harness, caused his horns to be gilt, adorned him with ribbons and garlands, covered him with a gorgeous housing, and, followed by a train of attendants in brilliant livery, set out on his way to court. On his arrival, he equipped himself with a superb suit of armour,

and, riding on his bull, presented himself, in that Minotaur style, before the walls of Louis's palace.

So novel a spectacle naturally attracted every eye: the name of John de C***, repeated by every mouth, soon reached the king, who, doubting the truth of the report which he heard, came forth himself in person to ascertain the fact. Convinced by ocular demonstration, "I had forbidden you," said the monarch, "to appear in my presence: how dare you thus......?"—"You had forbidden me," replied John, "to appear before you *on foot or on horseback*; and you see I have strictly obeyed you."—The king, pleased with his ingenuity, and good-naturedly supposing that John's attachment to his royal person had suggested this stratagem which had in reality been dictated by ambition, immediately pardoned the offender, and loaded him with favors.

Jealousy.

(Continued from page 308.)

The Countess Mulhausen, alternately agitated by love, rage, hope, and despair, shut herself from company, and meditated new crimes.

She had gone once to Leitmankor, in the hope that Ruhlsberg would admit her to see him, though he had refused admittance to every one else. No exception, however, was made in her favor; and she returned overwhelmed with deadly disappointment—forced to acknowledge the power of that love which death and despair assail, without being able to change it.

After Ruhlsberg had lived for six months at Leitmankor, cherishing the memorials of his undying passion, he received a billet from an unknown hand, to the following effect—"Since the death of Mrs. Patterson—of which, it seems, no person has been a witness—her husband has never appeared at Sleswick. It is said he is on his travels: but is this certain? A husband, who believes his honor wounded, is often more ingenious then open in taking his vengeance. Think of this."

This billet, so full of mysterious hints, glancing upon that subject which filled the whole soul of the unhappy Ruhlsberg, ended at once that state of sad serenity in which he had for some time remained. No longer did he walk for whole days in the shades of Leitmankor, marking each point of view where he had seen the fair form of his love:—no longer did he gaze upon the moon in the deep silence of night, absorbed in visionary doubts whether that pure-eyed planet might not now be the abode of Helmina. This billet, by an imperious force, instantly dragged him back to the present world. "Of Helmina's death no one had been a witness!" a small, a distant, an undefined hope now sprang up in his heart, and almost overset his reason. Of Mr. Patterson and his vengeance Ruhlsberg thought but little: his courage would have sufficed for every trial which might be connected with these, even un-aided by so clear a conscience as he had taken care to preserve.

The week after he had received the last billet, another arrived, which contained these words—"You are followed, observed, inquired after unceasingly. Mr. Patterson is not gone to France:—all will be discovered:—only allow yourself to be guided; and on no account quit Leitmankor."

The advice which the last words of this billet contained, came only just, in time to prevent Ruhlsberg from setting out instantly towards the castle where Helmina was reported to have died. Distance and

difficulties were nothing to him. He was determined to see the very tomb of Helmina, if indeed she was entombed—which sometimes he disbelieved. He clung with vehemence to this disbelief; and the excessive perturbations that assailed his heart from dwelling continually upon those doubts which involved the whole pleasure of his existence, soon injured the powers of his understanding; and reason itself threatened to be the last of those fatal sacrifices which Ruhlsberg was destined to make upon the altar of unhappy love.

A few days after the arrival of the last billet, Ruhlsberg received another, which was written in these terms—"Come to Sleswick to morrow. Let no one see you.—Come to a certain ball-room, which I am sure you cannot have forgotten, and wear the same dress which once you wore there. Show the inclosed card, and you will obtain entrance.—Be secret.—Prepare nothing:—all is prepared for you."

"Let my fate be accomplished," said Ruhlsberg, as soon as he had read these words: and, with the utmost composure, he charged a pistol, which he determined to take with him upon this mysterious expedition. He passed the whole night in the room where hung his portrait of Helmina. Never had the representation of that celestial form appeared so lovely to his eyes. That habit, chosen to please him! that mask, thrown off to excite his pity, and to claim his protection! He fancied that the picture smiled at him; and this delightful idea procured him a sleep more serene than had for many long weeks fallen upon his eye-lids.

The next morning Ruhlsberg arrived at Sleswick.—Giving orders to his servants to await him at the lodgings he had there, he went directly to the place where the mysterious billet had appointed him; and, putting on his mask and domino, he entered the very room where Helmina had appeared in the character of the Holstein peasant. All is void and silent; and Ruhlsberg, supported against a pillar, yields to that flood of ideas and feelings which now rushes upon his mind, and of which the surrounding scene increases every instant the overwhelming force.

At length a woman enters. "Heavens! it is the very figure of Helmina, as she appeared at the masked ball! her foot, her leg, her enchanting simple vestment!" A shuddering seises his whole frame; his limbs fail him; and he is unable to approach that mysterious figure, which still he follows with a distracted gaze. It glides softly along—now lost among the distant pillars, now approaching in full clear view. It is surely Helmina! she appears to seek, to await her Ruhlsberg. He draws near; they look at each other. He presents a trembling arm for her support, and an arm still more trembling accepts the offered aid. Ruhlsberg at length pronounces the sweet name of Helmina; and the arm which leans on his, then clasps it with a tender and convulsive pressure.

Distracted by hopes and fears which endanger his very reason, Ruhlsberg hurries on the supposed Helmina. He stops: he makes her sit by him; he shudders; he sobs; and his heart threatens to burst his bosom. He speaks; but he cannot correct his ideas; only, in broken and vehement language, he supplicates for one word—one single word—from which he will receive his life or death.

The figure, without answering, puts her hand upon her lips, and makes signs that it is impossible for her to

speak. Eager, distracted, disappointed, yet still hoping, the thoughts of Ruhlsberg course, like fiery meteors, through his brain. He weeps; he laughs; he strikes his hands upon his forehead, and exhibits every sign of the highest delirium. The figure arises, and beckons him to follow her: he obeys, and they enter a small apartment faintly illuminated. Ruhlsberg throws himself upon his knees. "Speak, speak," cried he: "throw off your mask; it is only the voice and the countenance of Helmina which can preserve my reason: I feel, I feel, that madness must be my portion, if. . . . ." Slowly, hesitatingly, the mask is untied, and discovers to the shuddering sight of Ruhlsburg a death's head!!!—Desperate with horror and affliction, Ruhlsberg seises the pistol he had brought with him, and points it against his own forehead. The spectre endeavours to avert the blow: the pistol goes off; and Ruhlsberg falls upon the ground.

Our readers doubtless recollect, that the ball-room, where Ruhlsberg had formerly conversed with Helmina in the character of the Holstein country girl, and to which he had now been summoned to repair by the words of the mysrerious billet, was in the house of Count Mulhausen. The report of the pistol, which had gone off in Ruhlsberg's hand, alarmed the whole family. The count, his visitors, and his servants, all ran in. A dreadful spectacle awaited them. Ruhlsberg was found upon the ground in a fainting fit; and near him was a woman bathed in her own blood, whose hideous countenance frightened the spectators from approaching. Some among them take courage to examine her; and they find that the hideous death's head is but a mask, which, on being removed discovers the Countesss Mulhausen!!! The ball from Ruhlsberg's pistol had entered her bosom: streams of blood issue from the wound; and she groans with intolerable anguish.

To describe the last hour of a woman who had used her high endowments to purposes so atrocious, might perhaps be more horrible than instructive; suffice it, therefore, to say, that, before the next day's dawn, Madame Mulhausen was summoned to the more immediate presence of her eternal judge—of him who alone knew the extent of her crimes, and who alone had the power to pardon them.

Our readers will now inquire what were the motives which had induced the countess to assume that horrible disguise, which eventually proved so fatal to her. On this point we prepare to satisfy them—The manner in which Ruhlsberg had received the news of Helmina's death from the lips of Madame Mulhausen, was not sufficient to induce this violent woman to discontinue her secret attacks upon his heart. She had gone to Leitmankor, a few weeks after Ruhlsberg had been informed of Helmina's death, upon a day when she knew he was to be from home. By her artful discourse among the servants, she had gained a knowledge of every little circumstance relative to his occupations, his usual habits, and the manner in which his grief discovered itself to the eyes of his domestics. Among other things, she had been told of the portrait which Ruhlsberg had taken of Helmina in the character of the Holstein peasant—of his having hung it in that room which had been Helmina's chamber before her marriage—and of the daily and nightly adorations which he paid to that cherished image of his love.

Her aim then was to break, if possible, the powerful charm which drew Ruhlsberg to the contemplation of Helmina's portrait: and this she designed to effect by mingling the idea of it with circumstances of horror and disgust, which henceforth, she hoped, might be associated, in Ruhlsberg's ardent imagination, with the idea of Helmina herself. In pursuance of her scheme, the countess wrote those mysterious billets, which were calculated to produce in the mind of Ruhlsberg a faint hope that Helmina was still living, and thus to draw him into the room where he had formerly conversed with her as the Holstein peasant, and where the countess was now lying in wait, dressed exactly in the same peasant style, and with a mask, representing a death's head, beneath the ordinary mask, contrived in such manner as to appear an inseparable appendage of the natural head. The countess flattered herself that the association of a hideous countenance with the well-remembered figure of Helmina, might so influence the imagination of her lover, that henceforth he would more frequently contemplate her as food for worms, and as mouldering in the earth, than dwell on the idea of her former beauty, or on that of a superior and angelic beauty, with which it might be supposed that her pure soul was now adorned. If once Ruhlsberg could be induced to forget Helmina, Madame Mulhausen made no question that his heart would become her own. "But what romantic folly!" exclaim our readers. "Ruhlsberg must afterwards have found out the contriver of this hideous pantomime; and then . . . ."—The observation is perfectly just. We pretend not to account for all the romantic follies which passion and jealousy may create, even in the cleverest woman.

(*To be continued.*) Page 398.

Characteristic Traits of BONAPARTÉ;

(*From Faber's "Sketches of the internal State of France."*)

I have seen this man, whose name is Bonaparté; I have seen him an officer in the artillery, general in in the army, consul, emperor! When yet the Italian *u* in his name gave him no concern, all then was Italian about him, his physiognomy, his complexion; he had neither the habits, the manners, nor the agreeable figure of a Frenchman; the rough motions and the sharp form of the foreigner displeased. A cold reserved air gave his exterior an appearance of indifference for all about him. He always walked concentrated in himself. Careless of the events which awaited him, but always occupied with his glory, he appeared determined to perform whatever could conduct him towards it. Attached to no being but himself, he never joined any party but to serve his glory; he has been republican, conventional, directorial, moderate. The proofs exist in the public documents: he is accused of having been a terrorist; this is not proved; but it is proved, that he has sworn to all principles, and that he has abjured them all.

I have seen this man; in the midst of the greatest crowd and bustle, in all places and at all times, he appears to be alone and insulated. Nothing that surrounds him can reach him. He, alone, forms his world. Men are nothing to him; they are the means, himself is the end. His mouth his hideous when he smiles on them; it is a smile of contempt, a smile of pity, which cheers cowards in the terrible immovability of the rest of his features.

This solitary smile has been given to him by Heaven.

I have seen this man; he is simple in his private manners, in his tastes, and in his wants. A uniform the least showy, a black hat, without any other ornament than the cockade—this is his dress. His ostentatious splendor is not for himself, but for others. He is a slave to it, in order to reign over others; he is a borrowed character in the imperial mantle, as in the hat *à la Henri IV.* as he is in all costumes; but it is better to be a borrowed character than not to have consequence:—he has neither a taste for the table, nor for women, nor for the fine arts; these tastes would level him with other men: he has only one, that of being above them.

He speaks little, he speaks without selection, and with a kind of incorrectness. He gives little coherence to his ideas; he is satisfied to sketch them by strong outlines. His words, pronounced with a sharp voice, are oracles; he does not occupy his attention by the form in which he gives them, provided the thought is weighty, strikes, and overturns. Thus frequently something common appears in the turn of phrase he employs. He writes as he speaks. Flatterers have discovered in it the style of Montesquieu; this is comparing two men who have no points of resemblance. The public speeches of Bonaparté have been dry and cold. That which he addressed to the directory, when he presented the treaty of Campo Formio, was insignificant. On the 18th Brumaire, his inattention to the form of his thoughts had nearly changed the fortune of that day against him. Being in the court of the building in which the legislators were assembled, Bonaparté would harangue the soldiers, to secure them for himself. 'Soldiers,' (he said) 'you will not abandon your general, who has so often led you to victory? You will not lend your arms to the factions who are tearing the republic? You will not uphold those who have occasioned the country to lose the fruit of so many triumphs?" To these apostrophes, and several others, all expressed negatively, the soldiers near him answered by 'No! No! No!' which filled the air. These *Noes*, repeated by a thousand mouths, spread further among the ranks; and the distant bodies, supposing that their comrades were repelling, by their *Noes*, propositions against their honor and their liberty, echoed alike their *Noes* with a tone of disapprobation and refusal. For some moments, a hesitation throughout the ranks was becoming a strong opposition, and Bonaparté was near losing the fruit of that day. It was then that his brother Lucien, by his presence of mind, corrected the fault which had been committed by a want of attention to the form of expressing himself. Lucien mounted his horse, passed among the ranks, and addressed to the soldiers the questions his brother had asked; but in such a manner as to obtain a unanimous *Yes*. This *Yes* decided that day, and the future greatness of Bonaparte. After this critical moment, even in the hall of the council of five hundred, he spoke without coherence and without dignity. His speeches from the throne are—speeches from the throne!

I have seen this man, when he was the hope of humanity—I have seen him, when he had preferred to be its scourge. It is terror personified, which accomplishes the prediction of heads criminally exalted*,

* We have not seen the French original, from which this is translated: but *exalté*, in French, signifies *of heated imagination, flighty, enthusiastic.* Editor.

that the revolution would make a circuit through the universe, and overturn all the thrones of kings.

I have seen this man--I have seen him near; his head is a rare reunion of the most marked characteristics. Every portrait of Bonaparté will be known, even if it should not resemble him. In this they are like the portraits of Frederic the Great; he admits of an overcharged likeness. It requires only lips—where the contempt of men eternally resides—to be placed between the protuberance of such a chin and the concavity of such a transition from the nose to the upper lip. The full length, by Isabey, representing Bonaparté in the gardens of Malmaison, while it embellishes the form, strongly expresses the character of the original.

I have studied the eye of Bonaparté; that eye shuns inspection. A German observer, with the hand of a master, has pointed out the difficulty of describing it*. This eye is represented lively, sparkling, open, and deeply arched. Engravings, medals, and coins, represent it as such; but all flatter in approximating the countenance to the antique.

This eye suffers nothing to escape of what is passing within; it appears dull and fatigued by the efforts to which it has served as the organ. Eyes I have found none in those deep sockets; I found two places where these had once been. They are two craters, bearing the traces of the lava which has issued from them, and announcing that frightful abyss, whose borders they form. Perhaps at the moment the volcano groans in its recesses, and prepares death and destruction; perhaps at the moment it is breaking out, and is about to annihilate all that is within its reach.

How looked this eye when Bonaparté resolved on the destruction of the throne of Naples, the degradation of Austria, the extinction of the Germanic empire, the humiliation of Prussia? How looked this eye when Bonaparté resolved on the exile of his benefactor Barras?—the death of Moreau? How, when he ordered the young D'Enghien, just entering the suburbs of Paris, to be hurried away to Vincennes, and when Madame Bonaparté was drowned in tears at his knees? I should like to see this eye when it wants sleep.—Does it ever close?—How sleeps Bonaparté?

(*From General Sarrazin.*)

In regard to Bonaparté's manner, a great change took place after he was made emperor. From that time forward, ministers, marshals, and foreign ambassadors, were all obliged to dance attendance in the antechamber. On the military parades, he desisted from the practice of returning the salute to the generals and the colors, a form which the great Frederic kept up to the last. The oath from the public officers, of fidelity to him in his new capacity of emperor, was administered with great pomp. He received it with all imaginable stateliness, and deigned to smile only after the ceremony was performed. If we form an estimate of his character with an equal distrust of the injustice of his enemies and the blind admiration of his friends, we shall pronounce him to be highly studious, and possessed of an excellent intellect and memory. He is a great physiognomist, and expresses himself in writing with much correctness. As to courage, he has enough to be respectable, and to carry his point; but he possesses not the intrepidity of Lasnes, who could kindle the enthusiasm of soldiers to a pitch that would make them rush into the hottest fire. Nature has

* Reichard's Letters on Paris.

refused him this half physical quality, but she has made up for it by conferring on him the singular talent of knowing how to choose men who are capable of executing his vast conceptions. His deportment during an action is not calculated to convey a striking impression to those about him: but his generals make up for it, by riding forwards to the fire in front of the line, till the men call on them to retire. Bonaparté's great talent consists in planning a battle. Kleber, Moreau, and Frederic of Prussia, who were all inferior to him in that respect, were more brilliant during the action itself. Soult is equal, in my opinion, to Bonaparté in the plan, and to the others in the execution, but inferior in turning a victory to account. Bonaparté often takes advantage of woods and low grounds to conceal the station of his bodies of reserve. He never attacks without thoroughly reconnoitring the enemy's position; and he keeps back the reserve till a fault committed by the enemy renders its co-operation decisive. When our infantry marches forwards in columns, if we apprehend a charge of cavalry, we deploy into line a part only of the column, leaving a solid body on each flank. Every general of division is free master of the movements of his corps, unless he has received special directions from the marshal. On the morning of action, a distribution of wine and spirits is made to the troops; and on the day after a victory, they are in motion as soon as it is light, in pursuit of the enemy. In short, as a commander, Bonaparté possesses the most eminent qualities; but he has the great fault of being easily prejudiced against deserving officers. Several meritorious generals are unemployed, from a vague suspicion of their being either Jacobins or Bourbonites; and a very prevailing dissatisfaction exists in the army, on account of the partialities which have been shown to the advantages of birth, of wealth, and of female influence. He has also the presumption of thinking that he is qualified to take the lead in every thing. He was accustomed to dispute on naval topics with Bruix, the only officer who had the courage to speak the truth to him. Enraged at finding the harbour of Boulogne so aukward for his craft to get out, Bonaparté fancied that there was a want of zeal in his naval officers, and ordered Bruix, one day when the barometer had fallen, to take the whole flotilla into the roads. The admiral replied that it would be very hazardous to venture out in the face of a south-west wind which was likely to become very violent, and begged the emperor to wait a few days. "Not one hour," rejoined Bonaparté; "my will is that it be done instantly. My victories have been obtained by a single word, '*forwards;*' and I desire that henceforth it may be the watchword in my navy." Bruix, in despair, obeyed, and took out the fleet; but it had not been three hours in the roads when a dreadful tempest arose. Several boats foundered, and others were wrecked. Admiral Lacrosse succeeded in running into Etaples, after the most imminent danger. Bonaparté came down to the beach to assist in saving the shipwrecked, and remained there during a great part of the night, plunging often into the water to lay hold of the floating bodies. The loss of lives was computed at nine hundred: but Bonaparte no longer interfered with Bruix in his naval command.

The Dutch Patriots
of the Sixteenth Century.
(*Continued from page 302.*)

BOOK II.

"In the vast fields of boundless space, extends an immense region, covered with perpetual clouds and darkness: there the events of futurity are written in order; and, posted at the entrance, stand Hope, Fear, and Fiction. There the vulgar throng can discern nought but phantoms, and are alternately the sport of hope and terror: the illumined sage at times discovers a transient gleam of light darting through the gloom, and oft remains uncertain.—Toward that region we directed our eyes, and endeavoured to penetrate the dark veil which covered the decrees of fate.

"Thus the bold mortal who first ventured to embark on the ocean, long contemplated the unmeasurable expanse of waters: instead of an opposite shore, he sees nought but dangerous rocks—he hears the dread roar of the winds and the waves—he beholds the monsters of the deep rolling in those profound abysses:—attached to the shore by the tenderest of ties—a beloved wife, an infant child—impelled however by the thirst of glory, by the ambition to surmount dangers and to pass the boundaries of a narrow world, he sallies forth, to brave the winds, the sea, and all the monsters it contains.

"Mounting our cars, I set out with the deputies of Belgium. In our rapid route we soon leave behind us the plains, the mountains, the forests and descend from the smiling hills of Saxony, where Dresden throws open her gates to receive us. Here we learn that precursor Fame had already announced our approach, and that the German princes, with the deputies of the free cities, assembled in Maurice's palace, awaited our arrival.—I made my appearance in that august assembly, where the deep sense of our own misfortunes impelled me to plead, in in the name of a single nation, the cause of universal mankind.

"Chiefs of Germany!" said I—'and you, worthy representatives of the free cities! you here behold a suppliant band, whose lives are declared forfeit: but it is not for ourselves that we implore your assistance. I consent you should forget that I myself hold a rank as a member of your body—that the same common country, and the ties of blood, united our ancestors:—forget all this, and confine your whole attention to the Belgians. The Belgians and the Germans, long considered as a single nation, have ever entertained the same sentiments: you breathe the same air with the Belgian: your rivers traverse and fertilise his provinces: commercial intercourse and numerous alliances have revived that intimate union which formerly subsisted between you and him. Such, in the deep recesses of the forest, two contiguous trees, entwining their vast boughs together, are mutually engrafted on each other by the hand of nature; while, nourished by the same sap, and spreading a joint shade, they seem to proceed from one common root.—Desert rocks and caverns afford lurking-places for the brute creation: but the tribes of men, when persecuted and distressed, seek an asylum under the protection of flourishing states, where altars are erected to Humanity. The cause of justice is that of all nations: it is the common cause of mankind.

"In different countries, men were beginning to emerge from the gulf of ignorance and superstition, and to ope their eyes to the light which had for so many ages been concealed from their views;—hu-

man reason, awaking from her long lethargy, beheld with astonishment the shackles by which she had been fettered, and was preparing to burst those by which she was still bound; —when a power, which had alternately acted as the accomplice of tyranny, and hurled kings from their thrones, exerted her last efforts to support her iniquitous usurpations, and to bind the human race in eternal chains. That colossus of despotism, the most enormous that ever crushed mankind with its intolerable weight—it was you who first shook it on its pedestal: you have in part leveled it to the ground; and your hands have prepared the way for its complete and irrecoverable fall. You have given to the whole universe that grand signal for the regeneration of their laws:—do not, therefore, destroy the great work you have so gloriously achieved:—the times will change: unsupported by laws, power rapidly hastens to decay.

"A whole nation wish to tread in your footsteps: having more enemies to encounter than you have already conquered, they are ambitious of the honor of outstripping you in this extensive career. If they cannot reach the wished-for goal, still so far distant from them and from all nations, at least they are animated by the generous desire of approaching it as near as circumstances will permit, and pointing out the road to others.—Yours be it to respect the laws which were framed for the protection of our liberties—to show your sympathy for our sufferings, and to second our generous efforts: the voice of justice—the ancient ties of fraternity—your own interests—alike demand this of you.

"If the Belgian and the Batavian be reduced to slavery, you may rest assured that the colossus which you have nearly overthrown will again rise more formidable—that Rome will exert every effort to subject you once more to her yoke—and that Philip, whom she protects with the ægis of her power, and who extends her dominion to the vast regions of the other hemisphere, will carry his victorious arms into the heart of Germany. Stimulated by the most inordinate ambition of which the soul of a despot is susceptible, and possessed of sufficient power to encourage him in the hope of fully gratifying its boundless desires, he has marked you out in his mind as the first objects among those upon whom he intends to impose his yoke—well assured, that, if he can erect his throne upon the ruins of the free states and cities of Germany, he will soon see all Europe prostrate at his feet;—satisfied, if he can extend his invasions to every quarter, overthrow all laws wherever he penetrates, and bind the whole universe in chains.'

"Truth and justice, in whose name I spoke, no doubt gave animation and energy to my language: the entire assembly felt the most lively emotion, and testified their approbation by an inarticulate but expressive murmur; as when the loud breath of Boreas sounds through an extensive ridge of mountains, which long repeat it in re-iterated echoes.—Instantly obeying the generous impulse of their souls, they unanimously voted me an army.

"I soon commenced my march with the first batallions of that host which were ready to accompany me: the others overtook me on my route; and with rapid steps I proceeded to the Meuse. I burned with eager ardor to join the Batavians, and impatiently waited the arrival of Egmont and Horn, as well as that of Aldegonde, who was to bring with him my brother Adolphus, together

with Buren, the elder of my sons, who, not yet advanced to the age of manhood, remained at Louvain, to have his youthful mind tutored by due instruction.

" Meanwhile, as I lay in the soft embraces of balmy sleep, my country presented herself to my view, clad in funereal garb. 'Alva,' said she—'Alva, like a devouring flame, ravages my dwellings: my sons lie buried in dungeons: from the dawn to the decline of day, their blood flows in streams: a new tribunal is erected, more barbarous even than the inquisition itself:—it has already pronounced sentence of death against you. Alva has leveled at you a still more dreadful blow. . . .' At these words I awoke in a fright—my mind agitated by the most fearful presages.

" At the first dawn of day, Aldegonde arrived.—The pale countenance and downcast eye of that intrepid warrior announced consternation and despair. I attempted to question him; but my tongue refused to perform its office.

" Summon to your aid,' said he, 'all your firmness. The citizens are every-where employed in erecting citadels—forced, with their own hands, to build prisons for themselves. That palace of liberty, which lately resounded with your voice and that of Horn, is rased to the ground. —I have been unable to discover the retreat of Adolphus. The illustrious Brederode has fallen the victim of his own courage—has perished in the field of battle. Egmont and Horn. . . . . they are still more unfortunate—they lie at this moment loaded with chains.'

" And my son!' said I, shuddering with horror—'you were to have conducted him to me—is he no more?'

" Your son yet lives.'

" What! my son is then in the hands of the tyrant?'

" Aldegonde preserved a gloomy silence."

Here William, deeply affected, was unable to pursue his narrative. —" Relieve my bursting heart," said he to Aldegonde: " from your mouth let us hear the recital of those disasters which you have witnessed —cruelly as the sad story will again rend my bosom.

Every eye was immediately fixed upon that chief, who thus began—

" The Batavian bands, whom Egmont and Horn had secretly collected, were now in readiness, waiting for the commands of their leaders. On the eve of my departure for Louvain, I earnestly urged them both to withdraw from within the walls of Brussels, to join those troops, and repair to the camp of Nassau. At the moment when they were preparing to take their way, arrived Alva with the rapidity of the lightning. Appointed successor to Margaret, he immediately announced that he brought peace to our provinces—that Philip, having his eyes opened by Egmont, condescended to re-instate us in the enjoyment of our laws and our property, and to deliver us from that tribunal which the Belgians viewed with such aversion and horror;—and he immediately ordered those two chiefs to appear in his presence.

" The valiant Horn, already anticipating the doom which awaited him, cast his eyes on his friend.—'I feel the full import of that look,' replied the virtuous Egmont:—' at the foot of the throne, I have braved the wrath and the vengeance of the tyrant himself: and shall I here tremble before his vassal, with whom I was formerly united in the bonds of friendship? Sated with glory, perhaps he no longer feels an inclination

to tread the field of war:—he seems to hold forth the peaceful olive. One more, one last effort will I now make, to prevent the effusion of those torrents of blood which threaten soon to inundate the earth. If the laws are extinct, we, who wish to resuscitate them, are the living images of those laws. Should both you and I at once refuse to obey the summons of Alva, inevitable ruin would be the reward of our disobedience. You, I perceive, can no longer restrain your martial enthusiasm: depart then secretly with those warriors who await us: I shall soon join you: in the mean time I repair to the presence of that formidable mortal.'

"'No!' replied Horn—'I should not fear Alva in the field of battle: there, every-where, without trembling in his presence, I abhor him. It will cost me a severe struggle, if I must repress my hatred and my anger; and I foresee an unfortunate issue to this affair: but, happen what may, Horn will never abandon Egmont.'

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdote of Mr. Fox.

That celebrated statesman was often heard to assert that he was proof against the assaults of flattery. To ascertain how far his conduct agreed with his professions, the following scheme was concerted by a noble earl now living, and several others of his acquaintance. Being once on a party with Mr. Fox in the country, they agreed to give their unqualified assent to every proposal made by him, and to applaud every thing that he said, however repugnant to their own sentiments, and however absurd in itself. This farce continued for a couple of days; at the expiration of which, they asked him whether he had seriously believed them to be in earnest, when they seemed to approve all the inconsistencies which he had uttered during that time. This question operated on him as an electric shock: he felt its full force, and, candidly acknowledging his own weakness, replied, "That never struck me: but I never passed two such pleasant days in my life."

On the Peculiarities of Dress, *with reference to the Station of the Wearer.*

(*Continued from page* 306.)

The bosom, which nature has formed with exquisite symmetry in itself, and admirable adaptation to the parts of the figure to which it is united, has been transformed into a shape, and transplanted to a place, which deprives it of its original beauty and harmony with the rest of the person. This hideous metamorphose has been effected by means of newly-invented stays or corsets, which, by an extraordinary construction and force of material, force the figure of the wearer into whatever form the artist pleases.

A vile taste in the contriver, and as stupid an approval by a large majority of women, have brought this monstrous distortion into a kind of fashion; and, in consequence, we see, in eight women out of ten, the hips squeezed into a circumference little more than the waist; and the bosom shoved up to the chin, making a sort of fleshy shelf, disgusting to the beholders, and certainly most incommodious to the bearer.

Curiosity may incline you to wish to know something of these buckram machines, that you may form an idea of their intention, use, or rather inutility. I will satisfy you by describing them to the best of my power.

The leader in this alarming phalanx

is usually called the *long stay:* and its announcement to the female world, if not by drums or trumpets, furnishes not only much matter for oratory in the advertisement, but a no considerable fund of merriment to the readers of these curious performances. For instance, "Mrs. and Miss L. P. have willed it; and it is done at their houses, &c. &c." Here follows a list of their *improved long stay, pregnant stay, divorce,* &c. &c. O female delicacy! where is thy blush, when thou lookest on such exposure of the chaste reserves of thy person?

The first time my eye met these words so coupled, I was seised with that honest shuddering which every delicate woman ought to feel at seeing the parts and situations of her person, which modesty bids her conceal, thus dragged before the imagination of the opposite sex. The pure must read it with a frown of disgust, the impure with the smile of ridicule. To this moment (though I find that nothing disrespectful to modesty was *meant* by the advertisement) I cannot approve the terms in which it is written; for it is my opinion (and I am so happy as to be supported in it by the sanction of the wisest moralists) that, rob woman of her delicate reserves, and you take from her one of the best strongholds of her chastity. You deprive her of her sweet attractive mysteries; you lay open to the eye of love the arcana of her toilet, the infirmities of her nature: the enchantment is broken; and "the bloom of young desire, the purple light of the soul's enthusiasm," expire at the disclosure.

To please my still-curious readers, I will still further displease myself, and enter more circumstantially into a detail of these strange appendages to the female wardrobe.

But, before I proceed with my remarks on the *long stay* (the ring-leader of the rest), I will so far rescue the intention of its constructors from any *design* to excite improper ideas by the words of their advertisement, as to explain to you the proposed usefulness of the inventions denominated *pregnant stay* and *divorces.*

The first is a *corset* or *stay* of dimity, or jean, or silk, reaching from the shoulders, down the waist, and over the hips, to the complete envelopement of the body. It is rendered of more than ordinary power by elastic bones, &c. which, introduced between the lining and covering of the *stay*, bring it to something like the consistence and shape of an ancient warrior's hauberk. This new-fashioned coat of mail for the fair sex is so constructed as to compress and reduce to the shape desired the natural prominence of the female figure in a state of fruitfulness. Some women, who are bold enough to wear this Procrustean garb during any stage of their pregnancy, affirm that it preserves the shape without injury to their state of increase. However this may be with a few hardy individuals, I profess myself no proselyte to the innovation, as it must necessarily put a degree of restraint upon the operations of nature, very likely to produce bad effects both on the mother and the child.

Support and confinement to an overstrained part are two different things: the one is beneficial, the other destructive. And this I can assure my readers, that I ever have remarked, that those married women who have longest maintained their virgin forms, were those who, in a state of maternal increase, observed a proper medium between a too relaxed and a too contracted boddice.

Nature, in these concerns, is our best guide; and, when she dictates to us to provide against the possible disagreeable consequences of any of her operations, it is well to obey her: but, when a fastidious, and, allow me to say, an indelicate regard to personal charms would excite you to brace with ribs of whalebone the plastic mould of your unborn infant—or when, after it has, in spite of these arts, burst its prison-house alive, you seek to deprive it of the nourishment your breast prepares—then remember, that you perform not the duty of a mother, but show yourself rather egregiously guilty of wantonness and unpardonable cruelty.

The next ill-named thing I have to describe, is the article of apparel called the *divorce*. This title is even more shocking than the foregoing; and I confess I should not think the woman who could have the face to inquire for it, far from giving a specimen of a different meaning to the same word in a different place.

This supposed auxiliary to female loveliness is, like its type in Doctors' Commons, designed, most unnaturally, to separate what the hand of their Creator had brought into most graceful union. It consists of a piece of steel or iron, of a triangular form, gently curved on each side. This formidable breast-plate (for the attraction of Love's arrows, not to repel them!) is covered with soft materials; and, thus bedded, placed in the centre of the chest, to divide the breasts. I have heard of the cestus of Venus as the talisman of beauty; of the girdle of Florizel the pledge of female honor; and the zone of Serena, the band of gentleness and love: but of this iron investment I never heard till now; and, from certain deductions, I can pronounce that it possesses not one of the virtues so eminent in its three classic predecessors.

I pause upon my pen, while I muse on what my youthful readers will think, when they have read the foregoing description. Can they believe that I am writing of an article of dress belonging to modest women? They must suppose I am depicting the meretricious arts of some courtesan: it cannot be the delicate virgins, the discreet matrons, of a land famed for female decorum, that I am thus holding up to public censure! Even so. When the soul is forgotten in the catalogue of our charms, no wonder that the body should be made all in all. When a wife prefers the tumults of passion before the tenderness of love, can we be surprised that she assumes the garb of Thaïs, the artifice of a —— my pen refuses to write the epithet: but you will not be at a loss to complete the sentence.

No person living can feel a more lively admiration than that which animates me at the sight of a beautiful form. I behold in it the work of a most perfect being—the accomplishment of one of his fairest designs: he seems to show in earthly mould the lovely transcript of the angels of heaven: she looks, she breathes of innocence and sweet unconscious beauty. But, when I cast my eyes on women issuing from the house of a modern manufacturer of shapes; when I see the functions of nature impeded by bands and ligatures; when I behold the abode of virgin modesty, the tender mother's fountain of aliment for her new-born babe, thrust forward to the gaze of the libertine; when I observe the pains taken to attract his eye—I turn away disgusted; I blush for my sex, and cannot forbear to cry aloud, "Oh! that my daughters were

hidden from the face of man, and of woman too, that they might never witness such prostitution of the female form !"

Vile as these meretricious arts are, they are not less dangerous to health than to morals. The constant pressure of such hard substances as whalebone, steel, &c. upon so susceptible a part as the bosom, is very likely, in the course of a very short time, to produce all the horrid consequences of abscesses, cancers, &c. On their miseries I need not to descant.

On the *long stay* (in distinction from the *pregnant stay*) I shall now make a few remarks, arising from the observations I have been enabled to make on the ladies of various ages and figures whom I have known to wear it. To the woman whose waning charms set in an exuberance of flesh, perhaps the support of this adventitious aid is an advantage. But, in that case, its stiffening should rather be cord quilted in the lining, or very thin whalebone, than either steel or iron. In all situations, the boddice should be flexible to the motion of the body and the undulations in the shape ; and it should never be *felt* to *press* upon any part.

Thus far we may tolerate the adoption of this buckram suit for elderly or excessively *embonpoint* ladies ; but, for *growing* girls, (whom, I am sorry to say, mothers not unfrequently imprison in these machines) it is both unrequired and mischievous.

Before nature has completed her work in the perfection of the youthful figure, she is checked in her progress by the impediment which the valves, bands, &c. of the *long stay* throw in her way. Those finely rounded points which mark the distinction and the grace of the female form—and which the artist, enamoured of beauty, delights to delineate with the nicest accuracy—are, by the constant pressure of these *stays*, rendered indistinct, and in a short time are entirely destroyed.

Let then the *long stay* be restricted to the too abundant mass of fattening matronhood ; so may art restrain the excesses, not of nature, but of disease. Unwieldy flesh was never yet seen in a perfectly healthy person : it generally arises either from intemperance overloading the functions of life, or dissipation decomposing them.

Let the *padded corset* rectify the defects of the deformed. But, where nature has given the outline of a well-constructed form, forbear to traverse her designs. Youth should be left to spring up unconfined, like the young cedar ; and, when the hand of man, or accident, does not distort the pliant stem, it will grow erect and firm, spreading its beautiful and cheerful shade over the heads of its planters.

DEFENCE *of* WOMEN ;
translated from the Spanish of Father Geronymo Feijoo,
by ELENIR IRWIN.

(*Concluded from page* 333.)

CHAP. XXIII.

I foresee that all I have said will now be answered in this manner :—"If the abilities of women are equal to those of men in arts and in sciences, in political government and in statistical œconomy, why has God established the dominion and superiority of the man over the woman in this sentence in the third chapter of Genesis—'he [*thy husband*] shall rule over thee'—since it is to be believed that he would place the authority with that sex in which he saw the greatest capacity ?"

But I reply ; first, that the true

sense of this passage is not known with certainty, owing to the dissimilarity of the different versions*.

And, secondly, I might reply that the political subjection of the woman was merely a consequence and punishment of sin, and therefore that it existed not before the fall. At least there is nothing in the sacred writings which refutes this assumption: on the contrary, there is reason to suppose, that, if the woman were subject to the man during their state of innocence, God would have announced it to her when he created her.—The case standing thus, it does not appear that the preference was given to the man for his superiority of understanding, but because the woman gave him the first temptation to offend.

I also say, in the third place, that the mental superiority of man cannot be proved, even if his Creator should have given him authority over the woman from the beginning; because, supposing their talents and merits to be equal, it would still be necessary, for the prevention of disorder and confusion, that one should rule over the other in the government of their house and family.—Among the various species of government, the moral philosophers, according to Aristotle, considered a democracy as the most faulty, because it allowed an equal authority to the vote of each individual. But, between husbands and wives, this method of domestic government would not only be imperfect, but impracticable, because, though, in a multitude of people, the inconvenience arising from the diversity of opinions may in some degree be obviated by attending to the plurality of votes; yet, in a domestic difference, this arbitration of the multitude could not be admitted; and therefore the power of determination ought to rest with him whom God has pronounced the superior.

But then it may be asked, "Why, if it were predetermined in the counsels of infinite wisdom, that the man should possess the actual superiority —why should the woman have been endowed with equal mental powers?" —But this is an idle query, since, if it be proved that they are gifted with similar capacities, it would be presumptuous to question the wisdom by which they are thus endowed; and this is only one among a thousand instances, in which it behoves us to confide in the propriety of the divine dispensations, without being able to comprehend the motives by which they are regulated.

CHAP. XXIV.

I shall conclude this essay by answering one objection that may be urged against my Defence of Women, which is, that to persuade the human race of the intellectual equality of both sexes, cannot produce any public good, but may, on the contrary, occasion much mischief, by exciting women to pride and presumption.

I might silence this scruple by merely observing, that, with regard to every subject which offers itself for discussion, it is sufficient to ascertain truth and to refute error. It is always desirable to form a just estimate of the fitness of things:—truths possess an intrinsic value; and the treasures of the understanding consist of no other coin:—some are more precious than others; but none are useless.—The truth, which I have endeavoured to establish, cannot however induce women to the indulgence of vanity, or the display

* Here we omit different interpretations, ancient and modern, and, for more satisfactory information, refer our fair readers to the explanatory notes annexed to some of our numerous English editions of the sacred volume. EDITOR.

of arrogance: and, if they be really our equals in the qualities of the mind, there can be no evil in their knowing and understanding it.—St. Thomas, when speaking of vain-glory, says, that no one commits this fault from perceiving and valuing any merit which he really possesses. And, in another place, when speaking of presumption, he says that this vice is always generated by some error of the understanding: therefore, in teaching women to estimate themselves justly, I do not incite them to presumption, as I might by an undue appreciation of their powers: but I divest my own sex of the arrogance with which they have been accustomed to undervalue them.

But this is not all which I hope to accomplish; since I consider my system not only as inoffensive, but as capable of becoming beneficial. Let us consider how many men have encouraged themselves, from the imaginary superiority of their talents, to attempt criminal conquests over the other sex, and how often it happens that our success or discomfiture depends on our confidence in or diffidence of our own powers.—Man, persuaded of his own advantage, attacks vigorously, while woman, impressed with the idea of her weakness, resists fearfully: and who can deny that these are reasons why he should triumph, and she should yield?

If women are aware that their intellect is commensurate with that of men, they will exert it boldly to unravel the sophisms with which iniquity invests itself; whereas, if they be persuaded to regard us as oracular, they will lend a submissive ear to the most unworthy proposal, and venerate, as an incontrovertible truth, the most notorious falsehood. —It is well known to what turpitude the heretic Molinists reduced many women who had previously been accounted virtuous: and whence should this perversion have arisen, except from their having imagined those men to possess understandings superior to theirs, and from their having too much distrusted their own judgement, when it had detected the fallacy of those pernicious dogmas?

There is another consideration, of great importance in this matter: it is certain that every one yields readily to those whose superiority they acknowledge: a man feels no repugnance to obeying another who is more noble than himself: but he submits with difficulty to those who are his equals in birth: and the same occurs in our case. If a woman receive the erroneous persuasion that man is of a much nobler sex, and that she is comparatively an imperfect and worthless creature, she will resign herself to him with less conviction of the ignominy attached to such a submission; and she may even carry the illusion of inferiority so far as to glory in her shame.

But let woman know her worth! Let her be convinced that no inherent superiority exists in man; and she will then perceive that she is degraded by allowing him the dominion over her without the sanction of the holy rite.

I have not yet enumerated all the advantages which will result to morality from undeceiving both men and women with respect to their imaginary inequality: I firmly believe that this error has been the cause of innumerable conjugal infidelities; and, though it may seem paradoxical, I can nevertheless demonstrate it to be probable.

But few months elapse after the bands of matrimony have linked two

beings to each other, before the wife loses that ideal loveliness which novelty attaches to all our possessions: her husband soon passes from tenderness to indifference; and this indifference often displays itself in slights and in scorn. When he has arrived at this pitch of alienation, he thinks himself authorised, by the fancied superiority of his sex, to insult and domineer over her as much as he pleases; and, being familiar with the sayings that "the woman who knows most, has only learned as much as a boy of nine years old"—that "it is vain to expect wit or wisdom from a female brain"—with other aphorisms of equal merit—he treats his wife on every occasion with sovereign contempt:—"her thoughts are childish, her speeches impertinent, and her actions extravagant."—Her beauty, if she possess it, has lost all power to soften his asperity: he has forgotten the adoration he formerly paid to it, and remembers only that woman is an imperfect creature, and that he is her superior by nature as well as by law. In this state of abasement, the hapless wife receives a glance of love and admiration from another man; and how sweet is the countenance of kindness to those who are always appalled by looks of severity! and how gladly do we admit the discourse of those who smile when they address us!—From her lover, the neglected wife hears only what is flattering to her feelings; from her husband, what is painful to them.—The one speaks to her with arrogance, the other with adoration:—on the one hand, she sees herself considered as less than woman; on the other, she is elevated to the sphere of a divinity:—on one side she is told that she is an *imbecile*, on the other, that she is all-accomplished. All the words of her husband are harsh, and all those of her lover are soothing.—The one tyrannises over her as an imperious master, the other bows to her as a willing slave:—and, though the latter, if he were her husband, would probably follow the steps of his predecessor, the sorrowing fair one knows it not. Her husband plants thorns in her destined path, while her lover strews with flowers that to which he invites her:—the one calls her to slavery; the other beckons her to empire.

And, in this situation, what can the most virtuous woman do?—how shall she resist two impulses directed to the same end—one which impels, while the other attracts her?—If Heaven extend not a protecting arm to save her, her fall is certain: and, if she fall, who can deny that her husband caused her error?

If he had not treated her with contumely, the flatteries of the seducer would have lost their charm: it was *his* unkindness which made her need the delusive consolation.—And all this evil springs from the slight estimation in which married men hold the female sex.—Let them cast aside their erroneous maxims; and they may hope for unshaken fidelity in the wives of their bosoms:—let them *esteem*, since God has commanded to *love* them, and since *contempt* and *affection* cannot concur in the same bosom towards the same object.

History of HAMBURG.

(*Continued from page* 333.)

ADOLPHUS II. being reinstated, built the city of Lubeck in 1140, and was killed in 1164 in the Pomeranian war. He was succeeded by his son, Adolphus III. who being too young to take the reins of government, they were entrusted to the care of a guardian; but the me-

ment he was of an age to act for himself, he followed the example of his father and grandfather, and bestowed much time and pains in embellishing Hamburg. An unfortunate misunderstanding, however, taking place, in 1181, between him and Henry, the latter took possession of his dominions; but being attacked, and put to flight by Frederick Barbarossa in 1182; the emperor took Lubeck, which has ever since remained a free and imperial city; and restored Holstein, Wagrie, and Stormar, to Count Adolphus, who possessed them undisturbed till 1189, when he followed Frederick Barbarossa to the Holy Land. The city of Hamburg having made him very rich presents for this expedition, he, in gratitude for such favors, engaged the emperor to exempt the city from all customhouse duties and taxes on the Elbe as far as the sea, which might be levied by the Counts of Schawenburg, in any war they might hereafter undertake; the same exemption also to exist every-where under the dependence of those counts; and to forbid all persons to build either a fortified castle or citadel within ten miles of Hamburg. To this he added the right of fishing in the Elbe ten miles above, and ten miles below the city; likewise five miles in the small river Bille which falls into the Elbe at a little distance from Hamburg.

After the emperor and Adolphus had departed for the Holy Land, Henry the Lion, who was in England, returned to Germany, retook Lubeck and Hamburg, rased Barderie to the ground, after a long resistance, and sold the ruins to the Hamburghers, who employed them in building a bridge over the Elbe.

Adolphus returned from the crusade to defend his country, and was received at Hamburg, from whence he soon drove out the enemy's garrison; and this city assisted him in the re-conquest of the rest of his dominions; but the taxes he imposed, and the wars he engaged in against Waldemar, Duke of Schleswig, brother and successor of Canute King of Denmark, ended by reducing Count Adolphus to the simple title of Duke of Schawenburg. He built the chapel of St. Nicolas, situated in the quarter then called the New Town, and which is since become a considerable church. The abdication of Adolphus III. took place in the year 1203.

The chapters of Hamburg and Bremen disputed, for a long time, the right of precedence; but it was at last decided in favor of Bremen, to which church Hamburg ceded the title of Metropolitan.

The Danes kept possession of Stormar and the city of Hamburg. The inhabitants ill supported a foreign yoke, and made some proposals to Adolphus III. who was so well satisfied in his retreat, that he refused to try his fortune anew. The Emperor, Otho IV. appeared before the city with his army, in 1215, when the citizens received him with open arms, and swore allegiance to the empire, from which, they declared, they had been forcibly separated. It is for this reason, they, to this day, call themselves the immediate subjects of the empire. No sooner was the emperor departed, than Waldemar, King of Denmark, besieged the city, which at first made a vigorous resistance, but at length was forced to capitulate. Waldemar did not observe the articles of capitulation, but behaved with great cruelty, and sold the city for ever to Albert, Count of Orlamunde, for seven hundred silver marks; but Waldemar being made

prisoner by Henry, Count of Schwerin, Adolphus IV. the son of Adolphus III. Count of Schawenburg, endeavoured to recover the inheritance of his forefathers.

Albert began his reign by gaining the affections of his new subjects, whom he governed with great mildness, and permitted to enjoy all the privileges granted them by the emperors, Dukes of Saxony, and Counts of Schawenburg his predecessors; but when he perceived that Adolphus was supported in his claims by Gerard, Archbishop of Bremen, and Henry, Count of Schwerin, he was determined to make the most he possibly could of a possession which he found himself unable to retain. He therefore sold to the city of Hamburg, for fifteen hundred silver marks, those claims which he had purchased from the King of Denmark; and having received the above-mentioned sum, immediately declared the city free and independent. He then marched against Adolphus, whom he took prisoner, and again possessed himself of Holstein, Wagrie, and Stormar.

He also returned to Hamburg, and confirmed all the privileges granted by his predecessors. His first care was to destroy every fortress in the neighbourhood of that city, which had been erected by the King of Denmark, to serve as a check to the citizens; among the number, was the fortress of Schifbeck, some of the ruins of which remain to this day. The posterity of this count kept possession of Hamburg, and that part of the country, till the death of Adolphus VIII. the last Count of Holstein of the house of Schawenburg, who died in the year 1459.

Adolphus VIII. had a sister named Hedwige, who married Theodoric Fortunatus, Count of Oldenburg. By her he had three sons, the eldest of whom, Christain, became king of Denmark in 1448, king of Norway in 1450, and king of Sweden in 1458.

There still existed in Westphalia, Otho of Schawenburg, who was undoubtedly the next heir to Adolphus: but the King of Denmark induced him to sell his right of succession; after which, he proceeded to Hamburg, which promised to submit to his authority. He then insisted that the citizens should take an oath of allegiance; but this they refused, alleging, that it had never been demanded of them by his predecessors. Things, therefore, continued as formerly; and Zeyler says, that they only promised him obedience on condition that the city should enjoy all its usual privileges, and that he would maintain their commerce both by sea and land. His successors endeavoured once more to obtain the said oath; but the citizens constantly refused to take it, and only acknowledged them as under the emperor and empire; and without prejudice to the liberties granted to the city by them. During the lifetime of Christian III. the imperial fiscal laid claim to Hamburg as an imperial city. The cause was tried in the chamber of the empire; but this did not prevent the city from acknowledging Christian IV. in 1603; and afterwards Duke John Adolphus, of Schleswig and Holstein, to neither of whom they took the oath. The Emperor Rodolphus II. together with the empire, pardoned this conduct; though Maximilian the First, in the year 1510, at the diet of Augsburg, had declared Hamburg to be a free imperial city; and though the house of Holstein had been sent to the chamber of Spires to dispute their claim according to law.

The Bible; *an Anecdote.*

Marshal Keith visited Paris while Folard was engaged in his translation of Polybius. At that time a military author was an animal much more rare than at present. It was not long before Keith heard the chevalier spoken of as a prodigy; his first desire, therefore, was to obtain his acquaintance, and to visit him at his house. Folard, after the usual compliments, showed Keith some specimens of his work, which he thought most merited attention; among others, his remarks on the battle of * * * *, where the Gauls where attacked by two Roman armies, and were obliged to engage with two fronts. Keith told him, that he would find a case in point in the Bible, in the first book of Chronicles (chap. xix.), where king David fought in the same order against the Ammonites and the Syrians. Folard looked at Keith with astonishment, and, in a transport of joy at his having made such a discovery, embraced him, saying, "Ah! my dear Sir, could you not procure that book for me? can it not be found in Paris?" and it is only since that time that the chevalier began to read it. When he was afterwards rallied upon this affair, he excused himself by saying, that he knew the book only by the name of the Holy Scriptures, and not by that of the Bible; but that, as he never conceived it had contained such excellent things, he had never given himself the trouble to read it.'

Sappho; *an Historic Romance.*

(*Continued from page* 315.)

Phaon expressed his gratitude daily at the altars of his benefactress, and entered the temple without being perceived by Sappho, who was covered with her veil to conceal her distress; and, having uttered her complaint to the goddess, was languishingly reclined at the base of a column of marble. Phaon advanced towards the statue, and threw some perfumes on the fire of the altar. An odoriferous fragrance exhaled, which revived Sappho, who immediately raised her eyes, and recognised the amiable wrestler. Confused and charmed at this un-expected sight, she ceased to entreat the goddess to tear from her heart a passion which she again cherished, on perceiving the lovely object. O Venus!" she murmured—let his heart at least feel that pity, which is the first step towards a more tender sentiment!"

Phaon continued to scatter incense on the altar of the propitious divinity; and, either as a fresh instance of favor to him, or to increase the distress of Sappho, Venus imparted to his features, already brilliant with grace and beauty, an additional degree of lustre.—Sappho could not detach her eager eyes from his face, and at every look adds fuel to the flame which already consumes her.—How anxiously did she wish to approach him! but the natural reserve of her sex prevented her, and she remained suspended between her opposite feelings.—At length, turning to Rhodopè, and pointing to Phaon, who stood before the altar, she said, "Behold the lovely wrestler!"—"The excess of your transports," returned Rhodopè, "merits compassion. Venus has bestowed on that young man all the charms of Adonis, whose fate she so long lamented. Perhaps she has decreed that you should shed as many tears for the wrestler, as flowed from her eyes for the death of the lovely boy." —Phaon, having presented his offering, looked round the temple,

and recognised Sappho, recollecting at the same time her verses and her present.—Not less amiable than beautiful, he gracefully approached her, and again expressed his grateful acknowledgements: he praised her verses, but added that "they contained more poetry than truth." —"Ah!" replied Sappho, whose fond heart beat with emotion, and heaving one of those sighs which are the eloquence of love, "there was more truth than poetry."—"Pardon me," said Phaon:" the expressions prove that you are a favorite of the Muses, who have been liberal in their inspiration: but you must acknowledge, that truth is not a characteristic of poetry:—she is a daughter of the imagination, and exists on illusion. Such was the source of the too flattering eulogy, which you were pleased to bestow on me."—Sappho, pleased with the charms of this seductive conversation, said, "How great must be your power in the empire of Love—you!—the favorite of his mother, who does not smile on all with equal benignity!" —She blushed at these words, unconsciously uttered, and hastily covered her face with her veil: but Phaon immediately said, "Can you complain of the cruelty of the goddess, who have hardly yet reached the vernal prime of life? Besides, have you not received from Heaven a gift of greater value than perishable beauty—the talent of poetry, which subjugates hearts, as well as music, whose influence is exercised not only on the man of feeling, but on the most ferocious savages—even on the monsters of the forest? Such was the power of Orpheus." —"Of what avail is youth and genius," replied Sappho, "if the arrow which wounds the heart, does not affect the object of our love? If his wishes are elsewhere, is there any remedy for such extreme distress?"—"Undoubtedly." —"And what?"—"Give your heart to him who deserves it, and refuse it to him who cannot appreciate its value."—"Do you think, then, because you triumph over all hearts a sovereign despot, that it is so easy? You are un-acquainted with the pain which the goddess heaps on others, but from which you are exempt by her too liberal bounty.—You, who cannot lose a heart which you have once gained, or who, in losing it, would find a thousand ready to acknowledge your power—you cannot conceive the misery of those who sigh at the foot of the altars, where the goddess employs perhaps even you to exercise her cruel vengeance."—"Me! me a minister of vengeance! that service would be too odious to my feelings."—"You are too exalted, perhaps, to perceive the misfortunes of those beneath you."—"You have a bad opinion of the delicacy of my sentiments:—but since, by your praises and by your reproaches, which I do not merit, you wish to know the sentiments of my heart, I will open it to you without disguise.—I love sincerely.—If the goddess (I swear before her altars) has condescended to bestow her favors on me, which sometimes facilitate the way to please, be assured, that I will never abuse her goodness, to inspire a passion which I cannot participate." —"If Venus has given you beauty, Minerva has given you wisdom. —You love then! . . . . and who is the happy object of your vows?" —"Your curiosity shall be satisfied: my heart is given to Cleonicè: to her I owe the most tender return."

At these words, the heart of Sappho received an accession of misery,

and her confusion was extreme.—Phaon thought he had continued the conversation too long, and that he ought to retire.—"Perhaps," said he, "I deprive your lover of some precious moments:—I repent having interrupted your fervent prayers:—continue to address them to the goddess:—may she be favorable to your love; and may I, in my first combat, prove myself worthy of the verses that you were pleased to bestow on me!"

As he withdrew, he bowed gracefully to Sappho, and bestowed likewise a mark of attention on Rhodopè, who had remained at a respectful distance. In retiring from the altar, he met one of the priests, of whom he inquired the name of the virgin with whom he had been engaged in conversation.—Sappho followed his steps with anxious eyes.—Rhodopè durst not ask whether the conversation had fulfilled or deceived her expectation: but, perceiving that her mistress dropped her veil over her eyes bathed in tears, and that frequent sighs escaped from her bosom, she readily conjectured that she had only drunk another potion of deadly poison, and waited a favorable opportunity to offer her consolation.

But Sappho, in the despair of sacrilegious delirium, exclaimed—Cruel Venus! Can there be a more dreadful torment, than to refuse me the power to please, when thou hast filled my heart with the most ardent love?—And, at the moment when I am plunged into an abyss of humiliation, barbarous goddess! thou hast displayed before my eyes the hateful triumph of my rival!"

She would have continued her impious ejaculations, when Rhodopè interrupted her.... "Unhappy girl! if you destroy the barriers of all reserve, think at least of the respect you owe to the divinity!—If the unfortunate implore her compassion, what ought you to do, who suffer under her displeasure?—Would you irritate, when you ought to appease?"—"Ah! you talk with reason, because an unfortunate passion has not deprived you of its use;" and, addressing herself to Venus, she said, "O goddess! thou seest that passion blinds my understanding: this delirium is thy work: impute my folly to the excess of my misery: forgive the mad transports of a bewildered brain!"

She prostrated herself before the goddess, and then retired, oppressed with grief and sorrow.—Rhodopè accompanied her, and sought in vain to administer consolation, which she was incapable of receiving.

(To be continued.)

Anecdote of Miss SEWARD.

(From Mr. Scott's Preface to her Poetical Works.)

IN the summer of 1778, the countess of Northesk visited Lichfield to consult Dr. Darwin for the benefit of her health, then rapidly sinking by hæmorrhage. The poetical physician became deeply interested in the fate of a lovely and amiable young woman, distinguished by her sufferings and her patience, and the same circumstances produced a strong attachment on the part of Miss Seward. Of this interest and attachment a proof was nearly made of a kind so very remarkable, that I will tell it in Miss Seward's own words*. "One evening, after a long and intense reverie, he [Dr. Darwin] said, 'Lady Northesk, an art was practised in former years, which the

* Quoted from her Memoirs of Dr. Darwin.

medical world has very long disused, that of injecting blood into the veins by a syringe, and thus repairing the waste of diseases, like yours. Human blood; and that of calves and sheep, were used promiscuously. Superstition attached impiety to the practice. It was put a stop to in England by a bull of excommunication, under some of our popish princes, against the practitioners of sanguinary injection. That it had been practised with success, we may, from this interdiction, fairly conclude, else restraint upon its continuance must have been superfluous. We have a very ingenious watchmaker here, whom, I think, I could instruct to form a proper instrument for that purpose, if you chose to submit to the experiment.' She replied cheerfully, that she had not the least objection, if he thought it eligible. Miss Seward then said, 'If the trial should be determined upon, perhaps Lady Northesk would prefer a supply from a healthy human subject, rather than from an animal My health is perfect, neither am I conscious of any lurking disease, hereditary or accidental; I have no dread of the lancet, and wil'l gladly spare, from time to time, such a portion from my veins to Lady Northesk as Dr. Darwin shall think proper to inject.'.

"He seemed much pleased with the proposal; and this amiable patient expressed gratitude far above the just claim of the circumstance. Dr. Darwin said he would consult his pillow about it."

"The next day, when Miss Seward called upon Lady Northesk, the doctor took her previously into his study, telling her that he had resigned all thoughts of trying the experiment upon Lady Northesk; that it had occurred to him, as a last resource to save an excellent woman, whose disorder, he feared, was beyond the reach of medicine; 'but,' added he, "the construction of a proper machine is so nice an affair —the least failure in its power of acting, so hazardous—the chance, at least, from the experiment, so precarious—that I do not choose to stake my reputation upon the risque. If she die, the world will say I killed Lady Northesk, though the London and Bath physicians have pronounced her case hopeless, and sent her home to expire."

Under Doctor Darwin's care, however, "the disease abated; and, in three weeks, she pursued her journey to Scotland, a convalescent, full of hope for herself, of grateful veneration towards her physician, whose skill had saved her from the grave; and full also of *over-rating** thankfulness to Miss Seward, for the offer she had made. With her, Lady Northesk regularly corresponded from that time till her sudden and deplorable death."

Improved Management of Indian Ink.

Indian ink, used as imported, has an unpleasant gloss, which is injurious to the effect in drawing, and offends the eye of the connoisseur. To remedy that defect, break the ink into small pieces, and dissolve it in warm water. If the water be in sufficient quantity, it will so weaken the glutinous ingredient in the composition of the ink, as to render it incapable of suspending the coloring matter, which will of course subside to the bottom. After it has stood till perfectly settled, the colorless liquid may be poured off; and the remainder is then fit for use, divested of its disagreeable gloss.

* The reader will recollect that it is Miss Seward herself who thus modestly *under*-rates the merit of the offer.

Detection of ADULTERATED WINE.

THE following method of detecting spurious wines is used in Paris: take a phial containing four or five spoonfuls of Spanish wine, and, when quite filled, stop the mouth of the phial by placing the thumb tightly on it; plunge it into a basin of water; and, while thus plunged, withdraw the thumb. If the wine be adulterated, the honey which enters into the composition will sink to the bottom. When this precipitation has ceased, replace the thumb on the mouth of the phial, and bring it up. The liquor, deprived of its honey, frequently proves to be some meagre wine, and sometimes nothing but water, which had held the honey in solution.

Anecdote of a RUSSIAN OFFICER.
By Sir R. WILSON.

A Russian officer being stationed on the banks of a river, where his party and the enemy kept firing at each other, went into a house which was close upon the river; but a French officer advancing, reproached the Russians with the cowardice of their commanding officer; who, on hearing the insult, instantly quitted the house, and approaching the French officer, requested him to stop the firing of his people, that they might decide by the sword, in the presence of both parties, who was the most courageous. The French officer assented, and was in the act of commanding his men to cease firing, when a Russian's ball pierced him to the heart. The Russian officer instantly rushed forward, and cried out to the French soldiers, "My life shall make reparation for this accident—let three marksmen fire at me as I stand here:" and then, turning to his own soldiers, he ordered them to cease firing upon the French, whatever might be his fate, unless they attempted to cross the river. Already a Frenchman had levelled his piece, when a French subaltern struck it down with his sword, and running to the Russian, took him by the hand, declaring that no man worthy the name of a Frenchman would be the executioner of so brave a soldier. The French soldiers felt the justice of the sentiment, and confirmed the feeling by a general acclamation.

Vehicle for the Conveyance of sick or wounded Persons.

LIEUTENANT-Colonel Creighton, of Edinburgh, to whom the country is indebted for his ingenious plans for the conveyance of troops in case of an invasion, is also the inventor of a very simple but most admirable contrivance for the purpose of carrying persons with fractured limbs or with dangerous wounds to any distance, at a rate equal to that of common posting, without the slightest injury or danger. Instances are on record of most extraordinary advantages derived from this humane invention. The plan is particularly simple: it requires little or no skill in making; and the whole may be supplied at a very trifling expense. Two pieces of ash are procured about six feet long, made to resemble bows, being left stronger in the middle, and gradually weaker towards the extremities; the centre of each rests upon upright posts, about four feet asunder; these are perhaps two feet six inches or three feet high, and stand upon two strong poles, which form the sides of an oblong frame. From the extremities of the two bows of ash is suspended the cot, containing the bed or mattrass, on which the patient reclines; and from the spring if these proceeds the only motion which he can receive. The lower poles are either carried by the hand,

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Walking & Evening Dress.

Nº 8. 1811.

or may be lashed on to the carriage of a post-chaise, the body being taken off. They may also be applied to a cart or waggon; and, in such case, the success is equally certain; but when affixed to the springs of a post-chaise, a patient has been carried at the rate of seven miles an hour; and so far from receiving any injury—the cure advanced materially during the journey.

London Morning and Evening DRESSES.

1. *Morning dress.*—A gown with long sleeves of muslin, over which is a pelissse of satin or silk, without sleeves, so as to have the effect of a robe, richly trimmed with lace. A bonnet composed of the same materials as the pelisse and lace joined together with a flower.

2. *Evening dress.*—Of muslin over a slip of colored silk. A small kerchief of lace hangs loosely over the shoulders, without any fastening. A cap of lace, ornamented with an artificial flower of any fancy suited to the month.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or Ends of Verses, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes of the writer's own choice.

Fire, Inspire —Lays, Bays—String, Sing—Soar, Explore—Page, Age—Flight, Blight—Born, Adorn, —Tomb, Doom.

Any approved completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of October, shall appear in our Magazine for that month.

POETRY.

The ADIEU.

Addressed to Miss M. A. G*****.

To you, .. love, what language can
    impart
The fond anxiety that rules my heart?
How can I tell you, Mary, what I feel?
How shall the pen my keen distress re-
    veal?

Alas! no art, no words, can e'er convey
The tenderness these verses would dis-
    play.   [breast,
Nature is pow'rful—Nature, in your
Will tell how true affection is distress'd,
When disappointment and indiff'rence
    meet   [beat.
To bid sweet Hope's pulsation cease to
How heavy roll the hours!—and my
    warm heart
Is heavy too:—it acts pure nature's part!
No worldly feelings guide me in my love:
For I would seek for sanction from above.
Worldlings would tell you they would live
    or die
By the command of your all-pow'rful eye;
But oh! my Mary! little do they know
The sacred fire affection can bestow!
I love you:—and 'tis God alone can give
The high command to bid me die or live.
Yet truth shall live when time itself
    shall cease,
And I in heav'n shall find eternal peace!
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

Where'er you go, whatever be your fate,
    May heav'n still show'r upon you ev'ry
    joy!   [mate,
And may the happy man, your destin'd
    Feel such pure love as nothing can
    destroy!
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

Let Fate her darkest cloud hang o'er my
    head;   [strife;
    Let the vain world perplex me with its
If you have happiness around you spread,
    I still can smile, nor heed the ills of life.
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

I would not give to your dear feeling
    breast
    One care, to lessen or disturb its peace.
Whate'er anxiety may hurt my rest,
    My pray'rs for *you* shall never, never
    cease!
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

Frail is each worldly joy!—If heav'n ordains
That you, dear Mary, never shall be [mine;
Presumptuous is the man who still complains,
Who cannot yet his earthly hopes re[sign.
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

And will you sometimes think of one whose hours
With you have pass'd in tranquil love [and bliss,
When Hope inspir'd, with all her siren pow'rs,
His breast?—Oh! will you, will you [think of this?
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

Yes! I had hop'd, I once had hop'd to find,
In your dear converse by my ev'ning [fire,
Such joy, such comfort, as would yield my mind
All that a mortal ever can desire!
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

Remember, Oh! remember, I have been
Your anxious lover, but have lov'd in vain;
Remember that my mind is now serene
In resignation, never to complain.
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

Yet let us join in *friendship's* gentle band,
Though you are destin'd ne'er to be my wife:
And may your virtuous mind, your heart, [and hand,
Bless a more worthy partner for your life!
Mary! to you *in vain* my heart is true:
Accept a tear—accept my last adieu!

CONSTANS.

The SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

THE strife, the horrid strife was o'er:
Tir'd Slaughter, satiate with the slain,
Had hush'd the murd'ring cannon's roar,
And sullen left th'ensanguin'd plain.

Poor Mary ran, with hurried tread,
(Anxious her William's fate to learn)
O'er heaps of dying and of dead,
To hail the victor host's return.

As, horror fraught, she onward press'd,
And shudd'ring view'd the dreadful scene,
Strain'd closer to her throbbing breast,
A lovely babe smil'd all serene.

"Tell, tell, my friends," she eager cries,
"Does William yet survive the fray?
Say, does he live to bless these eyes,
Or must I ever rue the day?

"Sure heav'n my fervent prayers heard,
While rag'd the tumult of the strife,
And my lov'd hero's life has spar'd,
In pity to his child and wife!"

Extended on the corse-strown ground,
Poor William lay in anguish near;
Caught the fond accents, knew the sound,
And faintly utter'd, "Mary dear!"

She heard, look'd round, her William knew,
Sore mangled! gasping hard for breath!
One hand held up, to bid adieu,
While struggling in the arms of death!

What words, what language can express
The anguish that her bosom tore?
Who paint the exquisite distress
Of Mary, in that dreadful hour?

She shriek'd aloud, like lightning flew
To where the gory turf he press'd;
Upon the youth herself she threw,
And fainted on his heaving breast!

The hero felt her last embrace:
No more his parting soul desir'd;
He gaz'd once more upon her face,
Thank'd heav'n, and in her arms expir'd.

Poor Mary from her trance awoke,
As one awaking from the dead;
Survey'd the scene with wilder'd look,
And found her William's spirit fled!

Found those once lovely-beaming eyes,
That glow'd so late with ardor bright,
That saw the sun in glory rise,
Now clos'd in ever-during night!

Those lips, that e'er did truth impart,
That told th'unvarnish'd, simple tale,
Which won her yielding, faithful heart,
Touch'd, touch'd by Death's chill hand so pale!

A while with tearless eye she stood,
Till feeling came, and grief renew'd;
Then burst her heart:—a copious flood
Her husband's clay-cold corse bedew'd.

"Ah me!" she cried, "a widow now!
A foreign land! no house! no home!
O Death! deal thine unerring blow!
O Earth! inclose me in thy womb!"

She snatch'd the hero's reeking blade:
"Oh heav'n!" she cried, "the deed forgive!"
Just then a voice her phrensy stay'd,
Which whisper'd, "Thou'rt a mother!—live!"

"Oh, God!" she cried," My child! my child!

Still will I bear the load of life;—
Ah me! my ev'ry thought ran wild—
A mother still, though not a wife!"

She caught the prattler in her arms,
Then press'd it to her aching breast;
Dispell'd its infantile alarms,
And slowly mov'd, with woe oppress'd.

Kind heav'n! this widow'd mother see,
And with her orphan babe befriend.
Assist her, sweet Humanity!
Warm Charity! your boon extend.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed in our Magazine for June.*

The Faded ROSE.—*By* JOANNA SQUIRE.

AH! droop not thus, sweet, blushing pride of *June*!—
It grieves me much to see thee fade so [*soon*;
For I have mark'd thy progress, since the *day*
That op'd those leaves, which not the [poet's *lay*,
Nor the bright touches of the painter's *muse*,
Can well portray:—and who, sweet flow'r! [that *views*,
And feels those beauties—(which so oft in *verse*
The rhime-struck lover labors to *rehearse*;
And swears by all he deems would make him *blest*,
That the lov'd maid, who robs his mind of *rest*—
More bright, more fair, than she* who from the *stream*
All beauteous rose, to gild the poet's [*dream*—
Can shame thy blush; and, like thee, too, through *life*
With sweetness charm)—ah! who, for [noise, for *strife*,
For proud ambition's toys, a sound, a *name*,
Would barter feelings, sweet as life, or [*fame*?

[*** *We request that the fair authoress will favor us with her address.*]

Another Completion, by J. M. L.

LIFE.

LIFE, like a morning hour in *June*,
Begins its transient *day*:
But, ah! its beam is clouded *soon*,
And Joy neglects her *lay*.

Then mournful strains employ the *muse*,
And sorrow fills her *verse*.
She grieves o'er youth's quick-blighted [*views*:
She grieves—but must *rehearse*.

Had youth's advancing days been *blest*
With pleasure's purest *stream*,
Its ev'ry hour of smiling *rest*
Had seem'd a placid *dream*:

But truth thus whispers—"Learn that [*life*
Is but another *name*
For sorrow, envy, pain, and *strife*!
And e'en the wreath of *fame*,
That twines around the victor's brow,
The bloody and the brave,
Shall wither, and, with him laid low,
Its laurel'd bloom no more shall blow,
In glory's grave!

Another, by A. K.

ADDRESS *to* W. T.

MY much-lov'd friend! observe, how *soon*
We lose the smiles of rosy *June*—
How soon we lose the brightest *day*,
The cuckoo's note, the blackbird's *lay*.
O'er Nature's page extend thy *views*:
Restore thy lyre: invoke the *muse*.
In untaught strains thy love *rehearse*,
Or tune thy reed to rustic *verse*.—
Why sleeps, dear youth, in slothful *rest*
Thy tuneful mind by genius *blest*?
Oh! why forsake Castalia's *streams*,
That sooth'd thee with poetic *dreams*,
That distant chas'd the cares of *life*,
Or pangs of love's capricious *strife*!
Come! stretch thy pow'rs, exalt thy *name*,
And claim the laurel'd wreath of *fame*!

Another, by WILLIAM.

VILLAGE SPORTS.

WOULD you behold the pure delights of *life*?
Observe the rustics, void of guile and [*strife*,
Upon the village green at close of *day*,
Tread the blithe dance, or tune the jocund *lay*.
Night's sable veil spread wide, they sink [to *rest*;
Unbroke their slumbers by the frightful *dream*:
Their lowly lot with sweet contentment [*blest*,
Smooth glide their days adown time's constant *stream*.
Ah! such the joys of those unknown to [*fame*,
Who never sought nor e'er desir'd a *name*!
And such the pleasures, such the charms of *June*.—
Oh! that a time so sweet should fly so [*soon*!
And such the season, whose gay scenes my *muse*
With diffidence endeavours to *rehearse*;
And, while, with raptur'd eye, well-pleas'd she *views*,
She strives to picture in her humble [*verse*.

NOVELTY.

Imitation of the French Epigram given in our Magazine for June.

By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

WHERE Folly rears her gorgeous throne,
There Novelty did once repair:
All eyes were instant on her thrown;
All tongues exclaim'd, "How young! how fair!
"Ah! Novelty, our cherish'd guest,

---

* *Venus.*

Do with us for a while sojourn!
With more delight thou fill'st the breast,
Than Beauty's smile, or Wit's sharp turn."

To Folly's sons the maid replied,
"I will, my friends, with you remain.
To-morrow, if no ill betide,
At this same hour I'm here again."

The day arriv'd. As summer eve,
She came as lovely to behold:—
The first who did her form perceive,
Exclaim'd, "Ye Gods! she's wond'rous old!"

Lines written at eighty Years of Age.
(From the French.)

EACH day's a blessing now bestow'd by heav'n:
Of this I still enjoy the present hour.—
To you, ye blooming youths, no more is giv'n;
For who can say to-morrow's in his pow'r?

ANONYMOUS.

RELIGION *compatible with the* HAPPINESS *of Life.*
(From "Sacred Meditations," by a Layman.)

RELIGION sings no gloomy tales,
When virtue in the heart prevails.
Her voice is then a seraph's lay,
That calls to rapture's endless day.
Religion interdicts no joy,
But what would health and peace annoy;
Or disunite our social ties;
Or cloud our prospects of the skies.
She asks a corner of our heart,
But lets earth share its needful part.
She loves not sad exclusive cells;
But smiles wherever reason dwells.
Her monarchy is o'er the mind;
Her subjects are all human kind;
To all her temple spreads its gates;
For all her heavenly treasure waits.
The seaman, wet with sleet and rain,
While watching o'er the midnight main,
May, as the waves around him roar,
With silent gaze his God adore.
The husbandman, who breathes the dawn,
While striding through the dewy lawn,
Or bendin o'er the healthful plough,
His hum e mind to heav'n may bow.
The son trade may still pursue
His usef toil with upright view;
Yet bles at times, with grateful mind,
The bene ctor of mankind.
All ranks heir sev'ral tasks may tend,
Yet still k p nature's Lord their friend;
If the pure heart and pious thought
The tribut to his will be brought.
With mind nsinning and serene,
Thus may we pass the present scene;
Enjoy the sweetest fruits of time,
And feel our nature more sublime.
But when these skies shall roll away,
And heav'n disclose its glorious day,
How will the deathless mind rejoice,
And triumph in Religion's voice!
Then, while she calls, her strains obey;
This is her kind accepted day.
Her claims accredit, and assume
Those habits which will bless the tomb.

To a Lady, on her presenting the Author with a WATCH-PAPER *in the form of a* TREE.
By Mr. FITZGERALD, *Author of "Poetical Pastimes."*

THUS trees, my fair, resemble thee,
Array'd in all the charms of May;
Save that thy charms still fresh shall be,
Long after theirs have pass'd away.

Yet, ah! this envious watch observe,
Prophetic of all beauty's doom;
It tells me, too, without reserve,
That years shall steal away thy bloom!

But virtues of unfading grace,
With ev'ry ornament of mind,
Shall haste to fill thy beauty's place,
When beauty could not hope to bind.

The DECLARATION *of* LOVE.
By JAMES NEALE, Esq.

MY heart is gone—I can't tell how:
But pure's the flame I feel.—
To richer girls let others bow;
To Mary Ann—*I Neale.*

MARY ANN'S *Reply.*

To others *Neale*, with vows so vain—
Go, perjur'd, faithless man!
Some simple maid you may obtain;
You cannot *Mary Ann.*

On a hasty Marriage between a young Lady and a Fop.

BELINDA, in her twentieth year,
Holds solitude such woe,
She'd rather lead a Monkey here
Than lead an Ape below.

La VERTU.

NOUS traitons la Vertu comme on traite une reine:—
Sa bonté, sa douceur, son air sait nous toucher:
Mais un respect si fort loin d'elle nous enchaîne,
Que nous n'osons en approcher.

*** *Any approved translation or imitation which may have reached us by the fifteenth of October, shall appear in our Magazine for that month.*

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Meteoric Stone.—On the first of March, a stone, weighing fifteen pounds, fell from the clouds to the earth, in the village of Koudeghowsk, dependent on the town of Romea, in the government of Tschernigoff, in Russia. Its fall was preceded by three violent claps of thunder. When it was dug out from the depth of more than three feet, through a thick layer of ice, it still possessed heat. It was remarked, that, at the third clap of thunder, there was an extraordinary explosion, with a loud, hissing noise, and throwing out a great quantity of sparks.

Locusts.—The Roman states were again visited in April by locusts, which devastated the country for many leagues. For near two months, 6,000 men were employed by the government in extirpating these insects by means of fire and nets, and burying them in deep pits.

The Archduke Francis.—Some time in April, that prince, brother to the Austrian monarch, privately withdrew from Vienna, and, with a suite of about ten persons, travelled *incog.* under the title of a count, to Salonica, whence he sailed to Smyrna. After he had remained there a short time, on order arrived from the British admiral to Capt. Peyton, of the Weasel, gun-brig, to convey the prince and his suite to Sardinia, where they arrived in May.

Advices from Buenos Ayres, of May 7, state that a treaty of peace and amity has been concluded between the provinces of Paraguay and Rio de la Plata.

South-American Congress.—A meeting of Cortes—the first ever assembled in America, and denominated the "*General Congress of Venezuela*"—has been held at that city, consisting of the representatives of twenty confederate cities and territories, sworn to defend their "rights and those of Ferdinand VII, without any connexion with or influence from France, and independently of any form of government adopted in Spain."—The supreme provisional junta have resigned into the hands of this congress the powers and authorities with which they had been invested.

Advices from Rio Janeiro, of June 8, state that tranquillity prevailed throughout Brasil.

Avalanche.—*June* 11, an *avalanche* took place at Villeneuve, in the neighbourhood of the lake of Geneva. The heavy rain that fell during the preceding month, is supposed to have penetrated a part of the mountain in the vicinity of the above town, and detached the summit from its base, as large fissures, three yards in width, were observable two weeks preceding. On the 14th, at mid-day, the atmosphere being remarkably serene, and clear, the summit of the Fourches, covered with several hundred trees, suddenly gave way; the concussion was so loud, that the report was heard at the distance of eight miles. The ruins occupy a space of one mile and a quarter, including a part of the town of Villeneuve. At Vevay and Noville, the *avalanche* had all the effects of an earthquake; the houses being rocked, the earthen ware broken, and the furniture displaced.

Conflagration.—About the middle of June, a conflagration took place at Smyrna, which laid a great part of the city in ashes.—The damage is estimated at ten millions of piastres, at least.

Spain.—*June* 19, the Cortes passed a decree relative to an offer, made by the British government, of mediation with the American provinces. The offer is accepted, on condition that an acknowledgement of the sovereignty of the Cortes should be the basis of the treaty; and that the British government should, on the failure of the negotiation, suspend all intercourse with the refractory provinces, and assist in reducing them to subjection.

June 21. The American brig Tamaahmaah, which had just sailed from New York for France without a cargo, was captured by the British frigate Melampus on the American coast.—The passengers, with their baggage, were set at liberty: but the brig was carried off as a prize.

July 7. An engagement took place in the Gulf of Batruk, in the Black Sea, between a Turkish squadron and a Russian armament; when, after a severe conflict of two hours, victory declared in favor of the Russians.—One Turkish ship of 24 guns was blown up, a second otherwise destroyed, and three taken.—One Russian ship was sunk, and the rest much damaged.

Tarragona.—At the storming of this place on the 28th of June, [*See our Magazine for July, p.* 339] the garrison, panic-struck on seeing the French mount the breach, immediately betook themselves to flight. The slaughter within the walls was immense—neither age nor sex being spared: numbers lost their lives in attempting to escape to the British squadron in the harbour; a great multitude were butchered on the road in their flight from the city. Females, young and old, were treated with the utmost brutality, and many of them (it is said) thrown alive into the flames with the wounded Spaniards; the city having been set on fire by the French, and completely burned to ashes, with the exception of a very few houses, which, in consequence of their hasty march, they had not time completely to destroy.

Turks and Russians.—July 4, a Turkish army of 60,000 men, commanded by the grand vizier in person, was defeated by the Russians at Rudschuck. The Turks left on the field of battle 1500 killed, besides those they had carried off during the action.

Petersburg, July 10.—A fire at Archangel has destroyed a number of warehouses, and a great quantity of foreign merchandise. The loss it has occasioned is estimated at two millions of rubles.

July 11. The king of Sweden quitted the British fleet, and landed at Tonningen, as mentioned in our last Number: but he was *not* arrested on his arrival, as there stated on the authority of the newspapers: he only is narrowly watched.

King Joseph arrived at Madrid, on his return from France, July 16. But advices of a latter date, say that he is destitute of all regal authority; that his orders are counteracted by the French generals; that contributions are levied throughout the country with unrelenting severity, and that his frequent applications to alleviate the oppression have been treated with neglect, if not with insult.

Heat.—At Augsburg, July 20, in the afternoon, the thermometer, in the shade, facing the south, rose to 99½

Longevity.—A Russian peasant, of the name of Alexei Nikforov, lately died in the village of Kamenka, in the province of Ufa, at the advanced age of 124. At 101 he lost his wife, aged 90; and two years after married another, by whom he had two daughters, whom he lived to see married, and mothers.

A gentleman, who was at Petersburg on the 24th of July, states, that such was the confidence with which the Russian government had inspired Sir James Saumarez, that the British admiral had permitted 200 ships, principally laden with the produce and manufactures of this country, to proceed to the port of Cronstadt; and some of them were then entering the Neva.

July 24 *or* 25. The French general Suchet made himself master of the convent of Montserrat, which, from its lofty situation, and the strong batteries erected for its defence, was deemed impregnable.

Gibraltar, July 25.—We learn from Cadiz, that the Minhi ship of war has come in from Vera Cruz, with seven millions of dollars. This acquisition is very opportune, as the Spanish executive government was in so much distress for money, that they could not even supply the army with necessaries, much less pay up the arrears. According to Blake's account, one third of them were destitute of shoes, and although there was abundance of flour in the port, the Regency had no resources to purchase it of the proprietors, for the maintanance of the forces.—Mr. Wellesley, the British minister, had advanced to the Spanish government two millions of dollars.

July 28.—Information from France, of this date, states that the experiments to procure saccharine matter from beet-root, to rival our colonial productions, had wholly failed; the quantity extracted being insufficient to compensate for the expenses attending the growth and process. One hundred weight of the vegetable yielded only four pounds of sugar, and three of melasses.—The price of sugar in Paris was 4s. 6d. per lb. unrefined, of coffee 3s. 6d. per lb. and of bread only 2d. per lb.

The ecclesiastic synod, lately held at Paris, was, on account of the freedom of some of its discussions, suddenly broken up by a mandate from Bonaparté; and eleven of the bishops were sent prisoners to the castle of Vincennes.

Bonaparté has lately issued an edict, by which no heiress, possessed of the income of 6000 francs per annum (about £250) is to be allowed to marry without the consent of the Emperor. It is understood that such marriages are to be confined to the military, unless by special indulgence.

The Pope has been removed, by the

order of Bonaparté, from Savona, in the Genoese territory, to Tortona, a strong place of Piedmont.

Madame Blanchard, in one of her late ascents from Paris in a balloon, was caught in a storm of hail and rain; but, notwithstanding, ascended so high that she was lost in clouds and whirlwinds. In consequence of the prodigious height to which the balloon ascended, she fainted, and continued insensible for some time. Her ascension occupied fourteen hours and a half.

There are now building in the East Indies three ships of 1200 tons each. They are nearly finished, and are expected to be very creditable to the abilities of the shipwrights of our Eastern empire.

A Leipsic journal states, that it was ascertained by the Diet, during its late sitting, that the manufactures of Saxony employed heretofore upwards of 400,000 workmen; but that they had dwindled to about one fourth of that number.

Noxious Snuff.—A house was lately robbed at Leipsic by a villain, who, coming on pretended business in the master's absence, and entering into conversation with his servant, gave the latter a few pinches of snuff mixed with some narcotic ingredient, which soon threw him into a lethargic sleep.—This practice was so frequent in France about a century and a half ago, and so many persons were thus robbed even in coffee-houses and taverns, that a royal edict was issued, prohibiting, under a severe penalty, the offer of a pinch of snuff.—The villains who followed the practice, were called *Endormeurs*.

The practice of vaccination has been extended to the remoter provinces of the Russian empire; and letters from Orenburg state, that, in March and April last, it was introduced with the greatest success among several of the Tartar tribes.

Heligoland, Aug. 8.—Rigorous measures continue to be enforced on the opposite coast, to prevent any intercourse with British ports. A son of a senator has been branded and condemned to ten years' imprisonment for holding correspondence with this island.

London, Aug. 8.—An intercepted letter from Belliard, governor of Madrid, which was taken from the bearer by the guerillas, and by them transmitted to lord Wellington, states his situation of embarrassment and danger, from the reduction of his garrison, which was cooped up in the Retiro, and with much difficulty preserved subordination within the city. The patriots frequently in open day approached the walls, and during the night did considerable damage to the place on several occasions. He urgently demands re-inforcements, and states the absolute necessity of abandoning the capital, should his application be unsuccessful.

France.—All the ancient patents for medicines ceased in January last, by virtue of a decree issued in 1810; but those found worthy have been bought for the purpose of being rendered public. A provisional committee has since been appointed to receive applications for new patents, and to ascertain if the medicines be new, in which case the committee fixes the price.

By a recent decree, the apothecaries, and other compounders of medicines in Paris, are subjected to annual visits from the professors of the special schools of medicine.

London, Aug. 15.—The French government has notified to the merchants of Paris, and of the other principal towns, that, to prevent the necessity of a clandestine correspondence with England, all letters sent *unsealed* to the post-office at Paris, addressed to merchants in England, will be forwarded conformably to their addresses. After this notification, no indulgence will be shown to any person detected in a private corresdence with England.

London, Aug. 19.—Letters from Anholt state, that the remonstrances of Sir James Saumarez to the Swedish government respecting the sequestrated property at Carlisham, have been attended with good effect; and that several of the cargoes have been restored in consequence.

London, Aug. 21.—By gentlemen just arrived from France, it is stated, that the quantity of money in that country is immense; and so untrue is it that bullion has there risen in price to the same rate as in England, that a guinea, which used to be worth 25 livres, four sous, now sells only for 26 livres.

London, Aug. 29.—Letters from Cadiz, of July 25th, describe a total want of energy in the Regency and the Cortes—a very evident jealousy, entertained by those in authority, against our officers and troops—the government overwhelmed with debt—the treasury exhausted—the marine eighteen months in arrear of pay—the army five, and the troops often four or five days without rations.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

In our last publication, we left His Majesty in a very dangerous state on the 26th of July.—In the night of the 28th, he obtained several hours' rest: on the 29th, he took some *solid food*, and, after another good night, seemed much improved on the morning of the 30th, and appeared more quiet during the day.—In the evening of August 1, he suffered another relapse, and continued in violent agitation during the whole night, under the influence of a paroxysm of the brain, but without any increased symptom of bodily disease.—From that period, he continued, with occasional variations for the better and the worse, until the 20th, when, for a time, he was considered to be in a very dangerous state

On the fifth of August, the public were informed that His Majesty was not so much confined or restrained as he had been before; that he was allowed the liberty of a whole suite of apartments, and *his powers of personal action* were *not limited*; but, to prevent his doing himself mischief by coming into contact with hard substances (a danger, to which he would be particularly exposed by the combined operation of the violence of his paroxysms, the freedom of his personal action, and the deficiency of his sight), the floors, walls, and furniture, were covered over with soft cushions, and stuffings, and the floors covered with cork, laid on to a sufficient thickness under the carpets.

With respect to *food*, a disinclination to it is a part of His Majesty's malady; and he would sink for want of sustenance, if it were left to his own demand for food. What he takes he has not power to digest; and it is only by medical means that he is made to swallow it.—His medical attendants (it is said) are now convinced that he labors under an *effusion* on the brain, which precludes all hope of his mental recovery, though, from the state of his bodily health and the strength of his constitution, his existence may yet be protracted for some time. Meanwhile, one of the Regent's servants is in constant attendance to carry immediate intelligence to his master of any important event. We have to add, however, that, within these few days, His Majesty is reported to have recovered his natural appetite, and to have made some hearty meals with good relish; and, at the present date (August 30), he is said to be, at intervals, "*very collected*." On the whole, he appears to be evidently better.

Irish Catholics.—The Catholics having announced their intention of electing delegates to a General Committee of their body to frame and promote petitions to parliament for the repeal of the penal laws against them, the lord lieutenant and council issued a proclamation on the 30th of *July*, ordering all persons elected or concerned in such elections to be arrested and held to bail, to be afterwards tried under the Convention Act. The Catholics, however, not considering a proclamation as having the force of a law, and viewing the proclamation in question as an actual violation of law, determined to disregard it. Accordingly, in open defiance of it, meetings were immediately held in various parts of the kingdom, and resolutions passed, expressive of their sentiments. At some of these meetings many respectable protestant gentlemen, and even magistrates, in their robes, attended and openly testified their approbation of the proceedings.—But, on the 9th of *August*, five gentlemen, who had been present at an election in one of the Catholic chapels in Dublin, on the 31st of July, were arrested by the magistrates of the police-office, and conducted, in custody, to the chief justice of the King's Bench. Having been arrested without previous notice, they requested to be allowed time until the next day to advise with counsel: but the chief justice refused it, and declared, that, unless bail were then given, he would commit them to prison.—One of them having demanded a copy of the information upon which they had been arrested, the judge refused that likewise.—Bail, however, was given; and the important question now remains to be decided by a jury.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten Loaf, August 1, thirteen pence, three farthings—Aug. 8, fourteen pence—Aug. 15, fourteen pence, halfpenny—Aug. 22, fifteen pence, farthing.

Another Monster.—*July* 20. A female, of respectable appearance, was suddenly

attacked, near St. George's Church in the Borough by a villain unknown, who, without speaking a word, stabbed her with a sharp instrument, and escaped.—She fell senseless to the ground, was conveyed to St. Thomas's hospital, and died on her arrival.

Stage-Coaches.—July 23. The proprietor of a Portsmouth coach was convicted at Union Hall in penalties to the amount of £50, for carrying more outside passengers than allowed by the act.

Bank-Robbery.—In the night between the 24th and 25th of July, the banking-house of Messrs. La Costa, and Co. at Chertsey, was entered by means of pick-lock keys, and robbed of Bank of England and Chertsey notes to the amount of above four thousand pounds.

Swindler.—July 27. As Mr. Jameson, of Walcot-place, was passing over Westminster-bridge, he was accosted by a reverend looking person, dressed as a clergyman, who said he was suddenly taken ill, and requested permission to lean on his arm for support across the bridge, or till he met a coach. Mr. Jameson, unsuspicious of any fraud, immediately consented, and walked with the supposed invalid till nearly opposite Astley's Theatre, when he hailed an empty coach, and Mr. Jameson assisted him into it, and received his thanks for the assistance he had afforded him. The stranger at the same time gave him his card, on which was written, "The Rev. Mr. Bowen, Trafalgar-place, Newington," and requested the favor of a call from him, when convenient. The coach drove off, and Mr. Jameson soon discovered, to his astonishment, that, during their walk, the *Reverend* Mr. Bowen had contrived to ease him of his watch, his purse, and his pocket handkerchief. The address was fictitious.

Two young women, have been sentenced to seven years' transportation at the Exeter Quarter Sessions, for throwing oil of vitriol on the clothes of another young woman.

July 29. A horse and gig, stolen from the nursery, New-Road, St. Marylebone, about *two o'clock* in the morning, were, by *ten o'clock* the same night, taken to Seagrove in Leicestershire, where the robbers were apprehended.—Seagrove is about 120 miles from London.

Sunday Schools.—July 30. At the Sessions-house, Portsmouth, John Maybee, master of a Sunday school, where poor children are taught to read the Scriptures, the explanation of the Catechism, and the Common Prayer, was tried under the obsolete act "*to prevent and suppress seditious conventicles*," on an information, preferred, nominally, by a person wholly un-acquainted with the matter, but, actually, by the Rev. Dr. Scott, chaplain of Portsmouth Dock yard church.—The penalty for transgression of that act is twenty pounds: but—The defendant was acquitted.

John Dory.—Immense quantities of that delicious fish have lately been taken in Cawsand Bay, and sold at from five to nine pence each—almost every fish weighing six or seven pounds.

Prolific Vine.—The extensive vine at Hampton Court exhibits at this time 2750 bunches of the finest fruit that this celebrated tree has ever produced.

Quadruped Actors—Messrs. Davis, Crossman, and Parker, the proprietors of the equestrian troop, cleared £10,000. by their late engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Ring-dropping.—Aug. 10. As Mr. Winkton, of the Minories, was going through St. James's Park, he perceived a genteel-looking man, a short way before him, stooping, as if in the act of picking something up from off the ground. On his coming up with him, the fellow stated he had found a beautiful gold ring, set with pearls, and a ruby stone set in the middle of it; on which Mr. W. on looking at it, asked him if he would dispose of it? The fellow pretended he did not know the value of the article, but in a few minutes afterwards offered to take a guinea and a half. Mr. W. thinking the ring a very valuable one, did not hesitate, but paid the money. The fellow then wished him a pleasant walk, and departed. Shortly afterwards Mr Winkton went into a jeweller's shop, in the Strand, inquired the value of his bargain, and was informed that the ring was nothing more than a piece of pinchbeck, set round with an imitation pearl, and glass in the middle.

Collieries.—Not less than 19,661 waggon-loads of coals have been shipped from the Earl of Lonsdale's works at Whitehaven between the first of July and the tenth of August—making an average of 3277 per week.

Balloon.—Aug. 12. Mr. Sadler and Capt. Paget ascended from Hackney, and, after a voyage of one hour and thirteen minutes, landed near Tilbury Fort.—In one part of their flight, the city of

London, the four bridges, and the German Ocean, were all at once distinguishable to them. When the balloon was at its greatest height, Capt. Paget experienced an extreme pain in his ear, which, however, gradually abated as he descended, and left him free from any inconvenience.—Besides provisions, &c. the balloon carried 13? pounds weight of ballast.—During the operation of inflating it, a prodigious number of swallows alighted on the church and steeple, apparently much surprised at that novel phænomenon. When it was launched, the shouts of the assembled multitude alarmed the birds; which all instantly took flight, and followed it. Some of them alighted on its top: others perched on the car, and were caught by the aëronauts.

Turtle.—The Duke of Cumberland has lately received a present of a turtle, weighing *three hundred weight and a half.*

Horsemanship.—Mr. Langley, an attorney at Bath, lately, for a wager, rode a seven-years old mare *a hundred miles* in *ten hours and fifty minutes.*

Canine Conspiracy.—An action was lately brought at Okeham Assizes, to recover damages on account of a dog having worried some sheep belonging to a neighbour. It appearing in evidence that there were two dogs engaged in this predatory excursion, one only of which belonged to the defendant, his counsel submitted whether his client could be held liable, as it was doubtful which animal was the criminal. The judge held, that, even if only one was principal, the other was an accessary, and therefore both were liable. They were conjoint trespassers, and therefore liable jointly and severally. It was a remarkable circumstance, said his lordship, but it was well known, that dogs agreed together to go out upon these marauding expeditions. Verdict for the plaintiff.

The treasure brought by the China fleet amounts to about one million four hundred thousand dollars.

Methodists, Aug. 13. The conference of the Methodists, closed their sittings at Sheffield. There is an increase of 7445 members; and the preachers and chapels have increased in proportion. The number of preachers who attended was not less than 250. Twenty-six preachers, having finished their probation of four years, were publicly received into full connexion; and the demand for preachers from different parts of the United Kingdom induced the conference to admit 60 young men for trial, as candidates for the ministry.

Upwards of eight hundred Dutch fishermen have recently made application to the British government to be taken under its protection, and have solicited to be allowed to settle on some part of the east coast of Scotland. They are infinitely better acquainted with the fishing banks and stations upon the coast than our own fishermen, and government are now devising measures for procuring a permanent settlement for these useful and industrious people on some part of that coast. The great body of these fishermen has already arrived at Heligoland; and many others on various parts of the Dutch coast are preparing to follow their example.

Polygamy.—*Aug.* 14. At Warwick assises, a man, named Wilkes, was convicted of "*bigamy*", in having married *four* wives.

Apricots.—At Standon, in Essex, no fewer than 6,570 apricots (it is said) were lately taken from one tree, *to thin the tree*, for the proper quantity to remain as fruit.

Sharp-Shooting.—*Aug.* 15. Adjutant De Berenger, of the Duke of Cumberland's sharp-shooters, in firing at the target, at two hundred yards' distance, without a rest, hit the bull's eye six times in seven shots.

Fleet Bank Notes.—*Sussex Assises, Aug.* 17.—J. B. Shuckard had shown some of these notes to a publican at Brighton, as Bank of England notes, sealed them up in a paper, and given them to him to keep. He then bought various articles on credit, referring to the publican for his responsibility. Having thus cheated several tradespeople, he decamped; when, upon examination, the deposited notes proved to be Fleet Bank notes for pence.—He was acquitted on the charge of frauds, through a deficiency of evidence; but he was convicted of publishing a note with the sum expressed in "*white letters on a black ground*," which, by the Bank Act, is a misdemeanour, subject to six months imprisonment; which sentence he received.

The Rape of the Beard.—A few days ago, a tradesman of Leicester, observing a Jew with a long beard, invited him into his shop, and cut it off with a pair of scissars. This, to the Jew, was a serious loss, as his office of rabbi depended upon his preserving it: he therefore brought his action for damages; and it would

have gone hard with the offender, had not the Jew consented to forego his suit on condition of the defendant's paying 20*l.*

Pawnbrokers.—Aug. A pawnbroker was fined forty shillings, with ten shillings costs, for having charged *one half-penny* more of interest than is allowed by act of parliament.

Poisoning of Horses.—A bill of indictment has been found against Daniel Dawson, who is now confined in Cambridge jail, to be tried at the March assises, on a charge of having poisoned two race-horses at Newmarket in 1809. He is *not* charged with the more recent poisoning, noticed in our Magazine for May, of which the author yet remains undiscovered.

Fictitious characters.—A fellow, named Jachlin, who keeps an office for selling characters to servants, has been committed from Marlborough street office, for having given a fictitious character to a servant, who afterwards robbed his master, and decamped.

Aug. 21.—There is at this time an immense importation from Paris, of books, pictures, prints, bronzes, busts, clocks, jewellery, toys, and elegant articles of all kinds, which our ministers have allowed to be entered at the Custom-house.

Pedestrians.—July 27, a Mr. Oliver completed the task of walking 100 miles in 24 hours.—August 5, a Mr. Dufour walked, in fifty-seven minutes, eight miles and a half, viz. from the middle of Holborn to Bow, and back again.—Aug. 21, Lieut. Gent ran four miles in twenty-four minutes, with five minutes' rest intervening.—Mr. Blackie, of Somersetshire, who had undertaken to imitate Colonel Barclay's exploit of walking 1000 miles in 1000 hours, was obliged to relinquish the task on the twenty-second day of his labor; his legs frightfully swollen, and his weight reduced from fourteen stone, six pounds, to eleven stone.

Negro Navigators.—Lately arrived at Liverpool, from Sierra Leone, owned and commanded by Paul Cuffee, a negro, and navigated by a crew of all negroes, or immediate descendents of negroes. Captain Cuffee was born of negro parents in New England, where he built a vessel almost entirely with his own hands; and, having learned navigation, and been converted to Christianity, felt a wish to impart the blessings of religion to his kindred race in Africa. Having visited that region, he is now come to England with the sole view of promoting his favorite object, and has brought with him a native of Sierra Leone, the son of a negro of considerable property, to learn navigation, in which the youth has made considerable progress during the voyage.

August 22. Parliament was prorogued to the 4th of October.

Mock Parson.—An impostor, of the name of Tucker, alias Tuck, &c. &c. is now in custody, charged with numerous frauds.—Falsely pretending to be in holy orders, he introduced himself to several clergymen, borrowed money of them—performed divine service in their churches, and even married some couples—and practised a variety of deceptions on tradespeople, tavern keepers, &c. sufficient to fill three or four pages of our Magazine.—On one occasion, after having read prayers at Hammersmith, he went (arrayed in the rector's best gown) to the academy, where he had formerly lived as usher. Being suspected, and charged with the imposture by the rector, who demanded his gown, and sent for a constable, the mock parson pretended to be so severely hurt by the charge, as to need the fresh air of the garden. He went out without his hat, and, when in the garden, took a hat from one of the biggest boys, telling him that he was going to take a walk in the fields; and thus he escaped across the country.

BORN.

July 20. Of the Countess of Elgin, a son.

July 22. Of the lady of Coxhead Marsh, esq. Park-hall, Essex, a son and heir.

July 22. Of the lady of W. Astell, esq. M. P. a daughter.

July 23. Of Lady Houstoun, a son.

July 24. Of Lady Arundell, a son.

July 26. Of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Paget, a son.

July 27. Of the Countess of Enniskillen, a daughter.

August 2. Of the Hon. Mrs. Holland, lady of the Rev. Dr. Holland, a daughter.

Aug. 16. Of Mrs. Brown, Russell-square, a son.

Aug. 17. Of Mrs Thomas W. Harris, Winchester-place, twins.

Aug. 19. Of the lady of W. Anderson, esq. Russell-square, a son.

Aug. 22. Of the lady of Richard Ahmuty, esq. Saville-row, a daughter.

MARRIED.

July 11. Geo. Magnus, esq. of Manchester, to Miss Emma Allingham, of Islington.

July 20. Lieut. col. Adam, to Miss Thompson, only child of the late Stephen Thompson, esq.

July 22. The Rev. T. B. Woodman, vicar of Brackley, to Louisa, second daughter of Baron Chapuret de St. Valentine

July 22. The Rev. Thos. Pickthall, of Waltham Abbey, to Sophia, second daughter of the late John Reeves, esq. of Lombard street.

July 29. Whinfield S. Round, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Mrs. Rowley, of Great Baddow, Essex

July 30. W. Jackson, esq. of Portman-place, to Miss Ann Roberts of Chelsea.

August 5. The Earl of Plymouth, to Lady Mary Sackville.

August 6. The Hon. Frederic Howard, to Miss Lambton.

August 8. At Canterbury, W. Delman, esq. of Keffineld house, to Miss Emma Abbott.

August 8. Major Denshire, of the 7th Hussars, to Miss Webb.

August 14. Bateman Dashwood, esq. of Well in Lincolnshire, to the Hon. Georgiana Pelham.

August 14. Edward Greathead, esq. of Dorset, to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir R. Carr Glyn, bart.

August 19. Francis Richard Price, esq of Flintshire, to Miss Susanna Parker, of Lancashire

DECEASED.

July 9. Mrs. Richard Hill, of Upper Seymour-street.

July 17. Edward Blakeway, esq. of Broseley, in his 93d. year.

July 21. W. Spear, esq. of Gray's Inn Square.

July 25. At Bath, W. Fawkener, esq. heretofore clerk of the privy council.

July 26. Tryphæna Lætia, wife of W. Seymour, esq. Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

July 26. Catharine Josepha, Lady Skeffington, aged 69.

July 27. The Marquis Townshend, suddenly.

July 27. The Rev. John Gamble, rector of Alpharnston, &c.

July 29. The Duke of Devonshire.

Aug. 1. The Hon. Mrs. Gordon Byron, mother of Lord Byron.

Aug. 2. W. Budge, esq. commissioner of the Victualling-office.

Aug. 2. Mrs. M A. Williams, relict of Capt. Williams, of the navy.

Aug. 3. Mrs. Mary Franklin, wife of W. Franklin, esq. formerly governor of New Jersey.

Lately, at Worcester, Sarah Smith, aged 103, and married, ten years since, to a second husband.

Aug. 11. In Harpur-street, Mrs. Elizabeth Dodson, relict of Michael Dodson, esq.

Aug. 12. At Derby, John Cummins, aged 31, and only *thirty-one inches* high.

Lately, in his 89th year, John Mills, esq. one of the last survivors of those persons who were inhumanly confined in the Black-Hole at Calcutta, by order of Suraja Dowla, in 1756.

Aug. 15. Richard Walpole, esq. nephew to the late Earl of Orford.

Aug. 15. In child-bed, the lady of Jacob Elton, esq. of Stockwell-hall, Essex.

Aug. 17. The Rev. Dr. Edward Pearson, rector of Remstone.

APPENDIX.

Slave Trade.—By a recent act of parliament, any person insuring, or causing to be insured, any property embarked in the slave-trade, is punishable with two years imprisonment.

Remarkable Tree—There is an oak tree at Hendre, near Denbigh, in the farm-yard of the Rev. W. Chambers; its base is 33 feet in circumference; 15 feet from the ground it is 30 feet in circumference. Only one solitary branch remains in verdure of this venerable trunk, and, strange and ignoble reverse! this monarch of the woods forms a pig-stie capable of accommodating near a score of the swinish multitude.

Longevity.—The following remarkable instances of longevity occurred in the Russian Empire during the year 1809—Died, 307 persons between the age of 95 and 100; 188 between 100 and 105; 86 between 105 and 110; 36 between 110 and 115; 23 between 115 and 120; 8 between 120 and 125; 5 between 125 and 130; 1 between 130 and 135; 1 between 135 and 140; 1 between 145 and 150: and 1 between 155 and 160.

In April last, a baker at Constantinople, who was detected in selling bread short of weight, was punished by order of the Cadi, by being thrown into his own oven!